

# The SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh! how far,  
How far and safe, God, dost thou keep Thy saints  
When once gone from us!"—Mrs. Browning.

Mother, mother, up in Heaven  
Where the blessed angels stay,  
Can you see us—can you hear us,  
Groping o'er the gloomy way,  
Does it grieve you when you see us,  
Weeping all the weary day?

Once we could not call you, mother,  
Though we whispered soft and low,  
But you heard us, and you ever,  
If you cared not, shared our woe,  
Soothed and hushed our bitter crying,  
If our heads ached ever so.

Now we call you "mother, mother,"  
But we call you all in vain;  
"Mother, mother," still we call you,  
But you answer not again,  
And our hearts are wrung with sorrow,  
Numb with loneliness and pain,  
As we feel that we must call you  
Ever, ever more in vain.

EVELYN H.

## THE TORY BROTHERS.

A Tale of the Delaware Valley

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY BURR THORNBURY.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### RICHARD DOANE'S MISSION.

Intelligence of the intended movement of the Americans against Trenton had reached Robert Doane early in the evening the march commenced. Spies—pretended patriots—had been with the army at Newtown, and the moment the plan of Washington became apparent, word was communicated to the tory leader. He resolved at once to all hazards to inform the enemy of the coming attack. Richard Doane, of the whole hand the best woodsman and the most daring and successful scout, was commissioned to set off in haste toward the river, cross at the risk of his life, and warn Colonel Rahl of his danger. The Americans were already on their way to the Delaware. Which should reach the camp of the Hessians first?—the patriot army, or the tory spy? Across the frozen fields in the rear of the patriot forces, galloped Richard Doane that stormy night. Miles down the country, hidden on the river bank under an over-hanging ledge covered with vines and brushwood, affording concealment even when stripped of their foliage, was a small but strongly-built boat, which had been used more than once before to communicate with the British on the opposite shore. Toward this spot hastened the zealous loyalist, eager to serve the enemies of his country—though he called them his friends and rulers. On that some chance troopers would intercept him, some well-aimed bullet stop him ere he consummate his work of treachery! But no, unseen, unharmed he galloped on and reached the river-side.

It was now quite dark, and the wintry stream rolled before him as it did before the anxious patriots further up. Determined as they, he drew the boat from its place of concealment, turned loose his horse, hoping that it would return and be secured by his comrades, and prepared to cross. Richard Doane was a bold man, but the sight before him, as he pushed his boat upon the ice-clogged river, almost induced him to desert from his perilous undertaking. A moment's hesitation, and with a grim, determined, desperate air he struck out toward the Jersey shore.

For hours he struggled with the ice and current, and then after a dozen escapes from death, he drew his boat up the snow-covered bank, hastily attempted to conceal it, and hurried off toward the lines of the revelling Hessians. After some difficulty, almost exhausted, he reached the outskirts of Trenton.

"Who goes there?" was the challenge that met him when almost in the heart of the camp.

"A friend."

"Advance and give the countersign," commanded the sentry.

"I have no countersign, but wish to be taken at once before Colonel Rahl," said the tory, with some impatience.

"The fellow staid. What great news could this man bring? Nothing alarming certainly, for there was nothing to be feared."

He wondered if the guard-house would not be the proper place for the new comer.

"I order you to take me immediately to the commandant; I have intelligence of the utmost importance. He must hear it at once," said Doane, impressively.

The sentry, somewhat convinced by his tone and manner that something might be wrong, hesitating no longer, conducted the tory a short distance further and gave him in charge of a small party of men, under the direction of a drunken officer. The fellow was a Hessian, and slow to understand the language of the loyalist. He was



"WE'VE COME AGAIN, OLD WHITEHEAD," SAID THE TORY.

moreover, inclined to be self-important, and in an impudent manner undertook the examination of the man before him. "My God!" exclaimed Doane, "I shall be too late. Conduct me to Colonel Rahl," he appealed to the party.

After more delay, the tory, burning with impatience and anxiety, was at last taken to the headquarters of the Hessian commander. Here other delays occurred. On hearing his story Rahl was disinclined to believe him.

"Impossible," said the Colonel. "Why, the Americans are in no condition to attack, even if they could cross the river, and no body of men could force a passage with the stream filled with floating ice." "I crossed it," replied the tory, with respectful emphasis. "You have little idea of the spirit that animates these men." Rahl began to look serious. Calling to an officer present, he directed him to prepare the camp for an attack—still incredulous, however, in respect to Doane's representation. The officer turned to leave. It was too late. A sudden firing was heard as if the sentinels were being driven in; it increased, the drum beat, and loud confusion soon filled the Hessian camp. Convinced now that the tory's words were true, and bitterly reproaching himself for his incredulity and carelessness, Rahl hurried to the front. Shaking off the incubus of the night's revelry, which more than anything else had made him so lax and unconcerned when informed of the approaching danger, he dashed forward, vainly endeavoring to arrange some sort of defence. But the hours of this truly gallant officer were numbered; a bullet from an American musket struck him down—and the Hessians seeing their leader fall were more panic-stricken than ever.

The patriots came on like men resolved to win or die. Sullivan had arrived at the west end of the town just as Washington reached the pickets from the north; and both pushed hotly in upon the enemy. Unprepared for effectual resistance, having lost their commander, and feeling that defeat was theirs from the first, the Hessians soon surrendered.

Some sharp fighting took place, but the victory was won with little bloodshed, and it was a victory complete. A body of British horse escaped, but full one thousand men and a great quantity of arms and stores fell into the hands of the gallant little army led by Washington. Never were hearts more glad than when the patriots saw what they had accomplished.

Captain Irvin and Lieutenant Warner were present, and had been foremost in the attack.

"What joy," said they, "when our friends on the other side hear of this. Aye, and what alarm and mortification to the tories—to the Doanes, who had thought that the day of utter defeat to the patriot cause had come. Shortly after the firing had ceased, and the main body of the enemy had laid down their arms, General Mercer addressed Captain Irvin and inquired if his men were ready for further service."

"Anything," was the prompt and cheerful response.

"Then," said the General, pointing to a large house near the river bank, and standing rather apart from the others of the village, "take them with you and pay that dwelling a visit. You will undoubtedly find some more prisoners there."

The young Captain at once obeyed. At the head of his company he proceeded to the house designated by Mercer.

"This is a good day's work, Lieutenant," he remarked to Warner as they went along.

"Thank God that it was so successful,"

ful" was the reply of the young soldier. "What a time of anxiety it was as we hurried down the river-road. I felt, Captain, if we failed then we should lose everything, but now I am encouraged to think that in the dark hours that may still be ahead there will be no despondency with me, for our cause is sure to win."

"Yes," spoke his comrade, "and this is the spirit that rules us all; and not till the enemy leaves our shores will I put up my sword, even though peace comes not for years."

"How glad the Grahams will be when they hear of the victory just won," said the younger officer with a flash of honest, soldier's pride, with his thoughts wholly on those of the family.

"Especially Grace," rejoined Captain Irvin, archly.

"Especially Lucy," rejoined the Lieutenant with a meaning smile.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### MORE CAPTURES.

As Irvin with his men approached the front door of the house a musket was fired from an upper window, the ball whistling close to the leader's head.

"Oh, ho!" he cried, a little irritated by recent events; "that's dangerous work, however." He ordered his men to surround the house, and then demanded the surrender of the inmates. "Open the door in just two minutes or the house will be burned, and every one in it put to death," was called to those inside.

No reply was made, but after a little time apparently passed in deliberation the door was opened, and a portion of the party entered, the remainder guarding the rear windows. A Hessian Captain and thirteen privates were found in the lower rooms and cellar; in an upper chamber two sergeants and four civilians, the latter apparently adherents of the enemy.

"Who fired that shot?" sternly demanded Lieutenant Warner, who was prosecuting the search. The four men looked greatly alarmed, but declared that it had been fired from the adjoining room. This was entered, but found to be empty. After the prisoners had all been secured a further and more rigid examination of the premises was made. A closet was discovered in the attic, which bore evidence of recent occupation—was foot-marks showing on the floor. No one was found, however. A passage leading to the roof of the house was next explored, and at the top crouched in the gloom under the rafters was a human figure.

"Come down, or I shall order my men to fire," ordered the Lieutenant.

The man descended, looking mortified; but defiant. It was Richard Doane.

"Oh, ho! it is one of our neighbors," cried the officer, recognizing him at once. "This is a dangerous predicament for you to be in. Let us descend."

The party went down to a lower room. Captain Irvin was called and an informal examination of the tory took place.

"You will find it difficult," Richard Doane, to explain to the satisfaction of our commandant, I fear, how you came to be found in the enemy's camp," spoke the Captain.

"You are also guilty," he continued, "of firing a shot from the window, evidently intended for me. I am sorry for you, though you are my enemy."

The tory did not reply, only scowling at the officer till his brow grew almost black.

He was taken before the superior officers and closely questioned as to his presence in the Hessian camp at such a time. He at first maintained a stubborn and scornful silence, but on being informed that the circumstances of his presence and capture would warrant his execution as a spy and would be a stain on his name, he broke forth in a torrent of invective against all present. Expressing death, as he knew he deserved it, he acknowledged that he had sought the enemy as an informant of the approach of the Americans.

"I learned your plans," he exclaimed, with bitter hate, "and had my friends—my friends," he repeated boldly, "accepted my warning as soon as they heard it, you would be a beaten, flying band, instead of a momentarily successful one."

This confession was heard with the deepest emotion. How near, after all, might they have been to defeat! With the profoundest gratitude, heaven was thanked that the result had been victory and not disaster.

The tory was placed under the closest guard and his execution ordered for the following day. It did not take place; for in the haste that attended the movement of the American army to the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware (Washington set thinking it prudent to remain in Trenton) Richard Doane, one of the boldest of men, fertile in daring expedients, with the aid of a fellow prisoner, succeeded in deceiving his guard and in escaping to the enemy at New Brunswick. The fame of his family as relentless opponents of the colonists secured him a hearty reception at the hands of the British, and in his new quarters he planned further evil against his countrymen.

We must now return to the home of the Grahams, who had been left defenceless, (except as far as they might be protected by the surrounding whig families,) the soldiers and patriotic young men of the neighborhood having joined the army to assist in the surprise of the enemy at Trenton.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### THE MORNING OF THE MARCH.

It was eight o'clock, Christmas Day. In the library of the Graham mansion the owner of the estate was pacing anxiously up and down before the cheerful fire of solid hickory that burned upon the hearth. That he was very uneasy, in spite of the comforts of the surroundings, was evident at a glance. His daughter Lucy entered the apartment.

"Sit down, my child, I must talk with you. I am an old man, or else I would not be chafing here. Important movements of our army have taken place since yesterday. We know that last night, for all the soldiers have been withdrawn from the neighborhood since yesterday noon. But what does it mean? Does Washington intend to retreat? He certainly is not strong enough to attack."

"God will help us, father," spoke the sweet voice of the noble girl. "Edward told me when he was here last," she continued with emotion, "that he could not see me again for some time. It was only three days ago, you know. I guessed that they had been ordered to join the main body, but he told me that everything was secret, and I did not question him. Oh! I pray that they will succeed—our weakened little army—for defeat would be so dreadful."

At this moment Grace entered the room, looking alarmed and anxious.

"What is it, my daughter?" inquired the old man.

"Both in the kitchen, father, and has something to tell you. He looks as if he had been running; he is panting and excited," said Grace.

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Both was a colored servant man who had been sent to a neighbor's, near the river, to learn if there was any news.

"Ask him to come in at once," said Mr. Graham, almost with trembling. He was feeling and had felt that something startling was about to be made known.

Grace was about to go to the kitchen, but at that moment the door opened and both came hurrying in.

"Couldn't come," he no longer, Master Graham," he cried. "I can tell the news. But at Washington will all his men cross the river last night, and do you know how far they are from us? They are full of ice—march down the river side twice double quick. Dem Britishers is going to catch it, sure."

"Great heaven," cried the old patriot, "has he been so brave as that! God give our men the victory!"

"If it could only be without bloodshed!" faltered Grace, thinking of her lover. "Oh! Allen, where are you?" she cried, as the picture of a battle field rose in her mind.

"Hush, sister," spoke Lucy—the stronger of the two. "Pray only for the victory, though both Allen and Edward fall. What is a land without liberty?"

"I know I am selfish, but I am braver now. Yes, God give them victory at whatever cost," ejaculated the maiden fervently through her tears.

"Oh! this waiting to know the result. Have you anything else to tell, both?" inquired the old man.

"Nothing," more, mass, 'cept folks has heard do Erin."

"Go at once to Poulton's, or wherever you can hear what has happened, and return and inform us."

Both obeyed, and was soon galloping past the window on a horse that had been purchased since the destruction of the barn, and which was stabled in one of the out-buildings.

And they crossed the Delaware last night through the cold and darkness and storm, with the stream filled with floating ice and while we were warm and dry," spoke the father, looking from the window on the snow-covered ground. "Brave men! your children ever forget you? or your descendants in any age? If so, then they no longer will deserve liberty."

Hours of anxious waiting passed ere Both returned. Though an invalid for the time, in consequence of a rheumatic affection, Robert Graham could hardly be restrained by his daughters from venturing out to learn what might be known of the result of the battle.

He was a finely-formed, handsome man, about seventy years of age, his hair and beard as white as snow, and both luxuriant, giving him a venerable and striking appearance. He had first married early in life, but his wife had died, leaving him no children.

Lucy and Grace were the children of a second union—formed about twenty-five years before. His wife had been as vigorous as he always was up to his sixty-fifth year, old as he was he would have joined the patriot army and served even in the ranks, though he would have made a magnificent officer. As it was, he had done all in his power for his country by giving most liberally of his means, which were large, and encouraging by his voice and pen (for he was a powerful writer, though only a country gentleman,) every resistance to the tyrannous home government. Such was Robert Graham, hastily introduced to the reader before.

Shortly after one o'clock Both returned, and allayed in a measure the anxiety of the family by saying that the particulars had not been received, but it was thought that Washington was in possession of Trenton, after a short fight in the morning.

An hour later, and a special messenger brought them the glorious news of the defeat and capture of the Hessians. With hearts that could hardly contain their joy, the little family, blessed the bearer of the good tidings, and sent him to other patriot homes to inform the people of the victory. And gladness and hope and gratitude reigned where so late all was apprehension and despondency. A lurking anxiety on account of the late offensive movement against the British. The whigs of the whole country, wherever the news had spread, were very much elated by the victory; the tories correspondingly chagrined and depressed, though they professed to regard the affair as only a temporary check to their friends. Having talked the subject over and conjectured what the next move of both armies would be, the sturdy farmers who had stayed at Graham Grange proceeded to their houses, and excepting Beth, the colored servant, the family were alone—that is, they were without other male attendants. The farm laborers had joined the army a few days before the attack on the Hessians, and were now in the Jerseys. The housekeeper—next to the sisters, who assisted in domestic matters and were virtually chief managers—was an old-fashioned, timid body, who was continually bewailing the turbulence of the times. Her sympathies were with neither party, and her prediction was that both would fight till there was nobody left to kill or be killed. She took a very doleful view of things, and when anything particularly bad occurred, she invariably asserted that this was just the "beginning." When the barn had been



destroyed she declared that it would be the house next time, and "like enough the fellow with it; then Moses was up to the devilry"—that was as far as she went in her protest—"and liked to warm themselves at their neighbor's burning buildings." Then old Polly Warner, who had been looking out the door, came in and said, "I don't know what you mean, but the house is burning."

Supper was on the table in the cheerful dining-room, and the family were about to meet themselves at the meal, when the sound of gullowing broke the peace. The housekeeper, who was in the kitchen, stayed a moment, then came, then turned to the others and said:

"The Doanest! the Doanest!" the repetition ending in a whisper of choking terror. Mr. Graham rushed to fasten the door, while at the same moment Beth appeared from the kitchen, frightened beyond power of speech. Lucy and Grace, greatly terrified, flew to assist their father, but before the bolts could be thrust in their place the door was burst in and Moses Doane at the head of a dozen desperadoes appeared.

"We have come again, old white-head," yelled the tory. "Hesitating, girls; your hearts are away, I know," he said, coarsely addressing the sisters.

They replied only by a look of contempt. "Ah! none of that!" Robert Graham had not thought of resisting by arms at first, but exasperated as a patriot should be by the sneering impudence of the fellow, he had drawn a pistol and would have shot the intruder at the cost of his own life, had not the tory, observing the movement, rushed upon him and borne him to the floor. A blow on the head from another of the gang rendered him senseless.

"Cowards," exclaimed Lucy, with indignation entirely overmastering her terror, "to strike an old man thus." As for Grace she had fainted away at the first moment of the assault on her father, and Beth was bound and lying helpless on the floor.

"We've come for you, young lady," said Moses Doane to Lucy. "Get on your things and be ready to go with us."

"For us?" inquired the startled girl, a new and deadly fear seizing upon her. "You surely do not mean that."

"I am in earnest," he replied. "You go with us to-night, and to a place your rebel friends will be slow to find. It's no love you have for my company, girl, but you'll have to endure it for awhile—perhaps a long while." He looked devilish as he spoke, and Lucy, remembering with loathing and terror his advances towards her as a lover on a former occasion, trembled in spite of her efforts to conceal her agitation. "Come now and refresh yourselves," said Mr. Graham. "It will be well in the end with Lucy, I trust—for this act of the tories, led by Moses Doane, was committed more to pain and alarm me than anything else. They might have destroyed my house as they have plundered it—but it seems to suit their purpose to be malicious in another way."

The men were soon resting after the fatigue and excitement they had undergone. A fresh party being despatched at once to the spot where it was believed the abductor and his gang were concealed.

Grace was reviving, and the tory had observed it. "Now for a scene," he thought. Taking a long cloak from the back of a chair he threw it over Lucy, and then catching her up in his arms carried her to his horse. At first she struggled, but overcome with terror and disgust, she sunk into a deep swoon. His hand had been engaged in plundering the house—but a signal from their leader brought them around him, and, mounting, they galloped to the northward, in the direction of the cave. The majority did not accompany their commander far, but soon turned to the left—while Doane, bearing the insensible Lucy, continued on his way with three of his men toward the north.

Nearing the cave they also left him, taking his horse and on foot by a winding way, mingling his footsteps with those of the hunters who had been abroad during the day, he proceeded laboriously through the darkness till the front of the cave was reached. A peculiar whistle brought a quick response. The cavern was entered and his burden deposited on a couch of furs at the farthest corner.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### A FRUITLESS SEARCH.

On the night of the 27th of December, Washington with his prisoners and spoils recrossed the Delaware into Pennsylvania. Captain Irvin and his company were again detached for irregular service against the hostile loyalists. Directing a number of his men under Sergeant Rye to proceed to one of the upper forges, with the remainder he marched to the neighborhood of Graham Grange, that locality being particularly subjected to raids by the tories, the wealth and known adherence of several prominent individuals living therein to the cause of independence, directing the spite of the king's partisans against them.

It was after midnight when Captain Irvin with his men approached the Grange—they had been among the first to cross from Trenton, and had marched immediately into the country. Knowing the patriotism and hospitality of the owner of the Grange, the young Captain had concluded to halt there till morning, confident that apart from the welcome himself and the Lieutenant would receive, his men would be fed and rested and warmed. And they were weary enough after the late march and battle. As they approached the house they observed that it was lighted up, as if the family had not retired. Could the tories be aware of their coming, and be waiting to receive them? It was too probable, as no word of their presence this side of the river had been given out. Hastening to the front door, Captain Irvin knocked and asked for assistance. His voice was recognized by Beth, who cried out: "Oh, Master Cap'n, is that you? The mighty glad you've come, but don't be in a hurry to tell. Miss Lucy's been carried off, and Miss Grace is high as a kite—she's worried to death."

"Miss Lucy carried off?" ejaculated the Captain in alarm.

"Yes," answered Beth. "Dem debblish Doanest has been here again."

Hastily entering the house, he was met by Mr. Graham, who gave him the particulars of the outrage, adding that several of the neighbors had gone in pursuit of the villain.

"The dastardly coward," exclaimed the excited officer. "We must follow them at once, Lieutenant," turning to his friend, who had entered with him, and who was clasping the fearful Grace in his arms. "We will go with me!"

"Immediately," responded Warner, "and I'll lead all the men."

"Come a dozen of the best—they are all good enough—a dozen of the youngest," said the young man, "and we will go in instantly."

Learning the facts, when a call was made for volunteers, every man heartily responded, but selecting a dozen stalwart young fellows, and leaving the rest to guard the house and refresh themselves for the service's duty, the two officers and their comrades set out in the darkness.

With a parting kiss, the Lieutenant had promised Grace that her sister should soon be restored to her, and the weeping girl, almost reassured by his words, hid his eyes, and then, like the really heroic creature she was, though apt to be at first when danger showed, a little weak and timid, she busied herself in assisting the disconsolate old housekeeper in preparing a warm meal for the tired and hungry soldiers. For two hours she was thus engaged, almost forgetting her grief and apprehension in the pleasure of feeding the famishing men. Hot griddle cakes by the pile disappeared before them—the best meal the gallant fellows had eaten for many a day.

Meanwhile the search party pressed on. About four miles from the Grange they met a number of the neighbors, who had been in pursuit, returning with no tidings of the abducted one, though they had come upon a small band of tories, and, after a skirmish, caused them to retreat. Nothing was seen of the missing girl, however, among them. Captain Irvin was still resolved to continue the pursuit, and pushed on in the direction of the supposed underground retreat of the tories. After a prolonged but unsuccessful search—though from evidences discovered the conviction was strengthened that the locality explored was the haunt of the marauders—completely exhausted, the party returned with the intention of renewing next day the attempt to rescue the patriot's daughter.

"You have not brought her with you," wept Grace, who was anxiously waiting for the appearance of the pursuers. "Oh! that had been more careful; but in the joy of the recent victory we forgot that we were in danger. Papa is so obstinate to the Doanest, that I fear they will keep my sister from us long. But they dare not harm her, dare they, Edward?" she eagerly inquired.

"If they add anything to this first outrage," replied the young man, with deep emotion, "I swear that one by one these Doanest shall die at our hands, commencing with the three that we now hold prisoners." "Come now and refresh yourselves," said Mr. Graham. "It will be well in the end with Lucy, I trust—for this act of the tories, led by Moses Doane, was committed more to pain and alarm me than anything else. They might have destroyed my house as they have plundered it—but it seems to suit their purpose to be malicious in another way."

The men were soon resting after the fatigue and excitement they had undergone. A fresh party being despatched at once to the spot where it was believed the abductor and his gang were concealed.

#### CHAPTER XI.

##### THE RESCUE.

Lucy Graham sat in her strange prison. Outside it was cold and dark—inside, the dismal light made by a wretched lamp was even more cheerless than the natural night. A damp and ghastly gloom was rendered visible, the rocky roof of the cavern showing above like that of a spider. She did not know how long she had been there, but supposed it was about thirty hours. At present she judged it was night, for her captor had just entered the place, after an absence of some hours, and was helping himself to a meal which he had brought with him. She presumed that he had gone at nightfall to thus provide himself, and had now returned for concealment during the approaching day.

She felt little fear of the man, for she had concluded her abduction had been made chiefly to alarm her father and friends, and that no evil was intended against her person.

Though Moses Doane had at one time sought her as a suitor, she did not now feel—though that had been her first fear, that he would endeavor to proceed further in that direction. At the same time her situation was very unpleasant, and a deep sense of the wrong done her filled her bosom.

"Will you share my supper?" said the tory, offering her a portion of the provisions he had brought. It is rather late—midnight—but I fear you were obliged to make a scanty meal, as our pantry was nearly empty."

Lucy refused the proffered refreshment.

"How long am I to be detained here?" she asked.

"It is a dull place," said Moses, and you don't appear to take much pleasure in your company. Do you wish greatly to be released?"

"An unnecessary question," was the reply.

"Well," the tory continued, "I Rob and me have been talking it over—he was here just before I went out—while you were asleep—and he rather disapproved of taking you at all."

"I am glad he has more manliness than you," interposed the girl.

The tory flushed slightly with anger, but otherwise ignored her words.

"But you see the fact is this—we're out of money, and I thought may be the old gentleman would be willing to give a thousand pounds or so for your ransom. I've sent notice of our terms to him already."

"It was for this then that you have taken me from my home," cried the brave girl.

"I hope the better of such a message will be sent to Newtown jail where your villainous brother is; that not a farthing of the sum will be paid; but that those to whom I look for rescue will seek you till every breath of your body is shot or hung as you so richly deserve to be; and I will wait in patience here, till you, Moses Doane, for you dare not harm me—till the day of my deliverance come!"

"Take care, girl; you're a fearless jade, but you had better not anger me too far."

"I know there's evil in you, but you are a coward, too, and you fear me—me, a woman," cried the patriot's daughter.

The tory covered before her; he could not look in her flashing eyes, for there was a light there that made him feel uncomfortable.

He was about to make a menacing reply when a voice from the front of the cavern called to him in alarm. It was the sentinel—the only occupant of the place except himself and his prisoner—and the tory turned

in apprehension to inquire the cause of the disturbance.

"Look to the other entrance!" cried the man. "We are discovered!"

A discharge of rifles followed outside. Lucy, armed with joy the reports of the guns, standing bravely through a distant opening leading outward from the end of the cavern. This was always before her as it was clearly marked by the band in passing the entrance in case of pursuit the interior could be reached without revealing the stronghold. It was easily guarded, one man being sufficient to defend it against a hundred. To this passage Moses Doane hastened to prevent the entrance of the attacking party. On reaching it he saw that some one was already entering, and was horrified to find that it was one of his brothers—a peculiar whistle intimating who the intruder was. He had evidently been pursued by the tories who had fired the shot. He was not yet safe, and Moses called to him to hasten. He was not quick enough; another shot from the outside, and William Doane was wounded and struggling in the narrow entrance. Lucy was now engaged. Knowing that the two men would be able to keep the besieged at bay for a long time, perhaps till they were driven off by the arrival of the tories in force, she resolved to assist in her own deliverance. Hanging against the wall of the cave she had observed a huge pistol, of which, if it had not been so large and difficult to conceal about her person, she would have already possessed herself. Taking down this weapon she hastily examined it and found it to be loaded.

Meanwhile the wounded man had been caught and drawn outside by the assailants, whose shouts of triumph at the discovery of the tories' retreat and the capture of one of the dreaded brothers, were plainly heard. Moses Doane stood at an angle of the passage, ready with every advantage to himself, to strike the first man who would be bold enough to attempt to enter. He had discharged his pistol toward the opening, and then retreated to the narrowest part of the entrance, to reach which would be impossible without death to any one attempting it. But he had an enemy to contend with he had overlooked.

"Call to those outside that you surrender, Moses Doane."

It was the voice of brave Lucy Graham.

"Call to them that you surrender," she repeated, "or I fire."

He could not see her in the darkness, but he heard her determined voice. Was ever subject of King George so dangerously situated, with such short notice of danger, before? His fellow-defender could not assist him—the guarding of the front entrance claiming his whole attention.

"Surrender; for the last time I command you."

There was no earthly help for it. There was no mistaking that tone of voice.

"I surrender," he cried to those outside.

"Go out and give yourself up," commanded our heroism.

There was a pause in the confusion, and the voice of Moses Doane was heard entering the whigs not to fire, and he would come out. His fellow-defender could not assist him—the guarding of the front entrance claiming his whole attention.

Meanwhile, turning toward the remaining defender, Lucy informed him of the surrender of his superior, and ordered him to give himself up to those in front. Deeming resistance useless, he crawled out and stood by the mouth of the cave. This passage had not yet been discovered, but the appearance of the tory brought instant attention to it. The man was secured at once.

"How many more of you inside?" demanded his captors.

"None but the gal, and she's comin' after me. Oh, but she's a spunky lass," the fellow cried in admiration.

A female figure was seen at the entrance of the cave. The men sprang to assist her out; they drew her gently forth—a weak, fainting form, overcome at last by the terrible excitement of the hour.

When she revived it was in her lover's arms.

"My brave, brave girl," cried he, hardly comprehending all she had done in assisting in the capture of the tory stronghold. When the truth was known, the praise of her heroism was unbounded.

"My noble, noble Lucy, we shall take you for a second Joan, and ask you to lead us against the enemy in the Jerseys."

"Take me home," she murmured. "I am a weak girl still."

They returned at once, leaving some of the men to explore the cave and unfit it for future occupation by the tories. William Doane died from his wounds, and his brother was conveyed a prisoner to the American camp. And now fear of the tory brothers being in the hands of the patriots, and one was dead. But their leader was still at large, and more formidable than ever as a foe, for he now sought revenge.

We will not attempt to picture the joy that attended the restoration of Lucy to her home.

#### CHAPTER XII.

##### PRINCETON.

The battle of Trenton, it may be safely said, was the turning point of the Revolution—the tide was then turned against the hitherto triumphant invaders. The army of Washington had been looked upon as a mere shadow across the royal way, but now it was found that it was something more formidable. The prestige of the Hessian name was broken; the hesitating militia gave no slight glance to the patriot cause, and strength was gathered in every quarter. The British commander came hurrying back from New York, alarmed at the aspect affairs had assumed, and endeavored to restore matters to their former condition.

After adding largely to the number of his army, Washington, on the 30th of December, again crossed the Delaware. Cornwallis, with his well-trained troops, came down upon him, hoping to destroy the adventurous chief. But with mastery strategy, after repulsing the attack of the British, the American general, leaving his campfires brightly burning to deceive the enemy, marched to Princeton, and fell like a thunderbolt upon the fragments of infantry and the dragons encamped there. A sharp contest ensued. The first advantage was with the British; then there came a critical moment of the battle, when Washington, rushing into the space between the contending armies, by his personal heroism saved the day, and led his men to a second victory.

Gaius Hugh Mercer fell, mortally wounded, and other brave spirits yielded up their breath on that well-fought field.

Captain Irvin and his company were there and fought bravely till the retreat of the

British commenced. Then they joined hotly in the pursuit.

"On, my gallant comrades, on!" shouted the young Captain, leading his men some distance ahead of the main body. Prisoners were taken by the captured and sent to the rear. In the midst of the pursuit, not observing that a troop of dragons were on their flank, the brave officer and his men were fat and became engaged with a body of infantry that had made a detour to the rear. A discharge of musketry put them again to flight, but at the same moment the mounted soldiers, creeping down upon the flank had made half of them prisoners before they perceived their danger. The enemy's infantry, seeing this diversion in their favor, turned again and assisted in securing the men who had lately been their pursuers. Captain Irvin and Lieutenant Warner were among the captives. They were hurried from the field, and the next day, separated from the men of their company and taken to New Brunswick.

The victory at Princeton was followed by other movements equally important, though not so distinguished by startling and immediate success. By a series of well-planned and well-executed movements Washington led his army to Morristown, where he established his winter quarters. The mass of the people, sick of British rule and arrogance, and disgusted with the brutality of the Hessian, whose cruelties and outrages were innumerable, gave their aid and countenance to the patriot, furnishing them with provisions and joining them in their expeditions against the enemy. The situation of the British was thus rendered very uncomfortable, their foraging parties were attacked, their communications interrupted, and their men continually harassed in various ways. And all this after it was supposed that the last embers of the revolution were expiring, almost of themselves, on the wintry shores of the Delaware.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

##### THE PRISONERS.

"This is bad for us, Captain," said Lieutenant Warner to his friend, the day after the battle, as they were being taken through New Brunswick.

"I would much prefer to be with our army; but it is the fortune of war, I suppose," was the reply.

"Our country needs us still," continued the Lieutenant, "though thank Heaven her hour of greatest agony seems past. May we not hope to be soon exchanged?"

A sudden movement of his comrade startled him.

"Look there!" said the Captain, in low, earnest tones.

"What is it?" inquired Warner.

"Our enemy, Richard Doane. If he sees us, our imprisonment may be long; for he will have us retained, in revenge for the part we have taken against his brothers, his hand, and most of all, himself."

Apprehensive of recognition the two men endeavored to conceal their faces from the tory by looking the other way. But he had seen them at once at first. A look of malignant hate and satisfaction shone in his face, but he did not address them nor in any way endeavor to attract their attention. He was in company with a British Lieutenant, whom he soon left, and then went into the house occupied by the officer in command of the place.

"I fear we shall fare ill, with that man aware of our presence as prisoners with the enemy. He has power to do us evil, even to causing our death, for he knows that we have acted as agents against the British, and he can change the term to any."

The young Captain in serious apprehension.

"The man is merciless," said the Lieutenant. "He will never forgive us for the affair at Trenton."

"I told him there that I pitied him; but I fear he has no such feeling for us."

"Our thoughts must now be turned toward escape, that is our only hope."

All this conversation had been carried on in low tones, the last words being only a cautious whisper. There were other prisoners both before and behind them, none of their own men however—not soldiers in fact, but obnoxious whigs, who, emboldened by recent events, had shown their hostility to the invaders, thereby causing themselves to be arrested by the exasperated enemy. Among these men the two officers marched, interrupted in their conversation by the guards. Leaving New Brunswick they were taken to a British post some miles further on, and thrown into a filthy prison, already crowded with suffering patriots.

In this place they were visited by Richard Doane, both before and behind them.

"It is as I feared," said Captain Irvin, as he heard the voice of his enemy speaking to the guard.

"So the tables are turned," sneered the tory, looking in at his late captors.

"We have fallen into the hands of our enemies while fighting for our country," returned the young soldiers, calmly.

"Well," said the loyalist, with a malignant expression of countenance, "it's not likely you will stay here long; I've been recommending you at headquarters."

He passed and the prisoners caught his terrible meaning.

"Yes," he continued, "as spies."

"It is like you, Richard Doane," spoke Warner; "it is what we expected. We look for no mercy from you, and are prepared to die, if in that way we can serve our country best. It is in her service that we still are."

The tory went away warning them to prepare for their fate.

"We are exposed to an awful danger," said the younger officer, as their enemy departed. "I have no chance of escape, as we are at present so closely guarded, and in a day or two may be examined as spies, and sentenced to death. Doane will no doubt testify against us, and his evidence will be sufficient to condemn us."

"Will our friends hear of the manner of our death, I wonder, if we should fail to escape? All there is no doubt of that. The tory will take care to inform them. But we must not give up yet. If our trial can be delayed for a few days, our prospects may brighten. They are gloomy enough now, but while there's life there's hope. Heaven help those at home, should we perish while their enemies live."

Thus the two comrades with each other, mindful of their desperate position, yet not altogether despairing.

The next day, to their surprise, they were removed from their prison and conveyed to Elizabethtown. At that place they were separately confined, though in the same building, as they managed to learn from the guard. Here they remained undisturbed for some weeks, though daily expecting examination as spies at the investigation of their

enemy, whom they could not hope would relent. What had happened? They had not seen him during the night, and they began to think he had returned to Pennsylvania. It was not so. Richard Doane, on the one moment abandoning his desperate revenge, lay in wait with that malicious cunning, the next, which he had contrived from some spy prisoners whom he had shown to spies and deserters. The patriot prisoners were taken to the American camp, on the 22nd of January, and though the tories were charged with the execution of Doane, the fact was against the two prisoners. He at first recovered, and soon made the fact known to the Captain and Lieutenant.

All this time they had been planning to escape to the American camp, but, closely watched and unable to assist each other, no opportunity had offered. Captain Irvin was soon summoned before a court-martial, and after a hasty and informal trial condemned to death as a spy. The charge was that in the character of a refugee he had crossed the Delaware to the Hessian camp, and obtained information of the numbers and position of that body. The evidence was circumstantial, but was accepted as sufficient, and the young man was sentenced to die the next day. He was remanded to prison to await his fate.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1871.

"MIDSUMMER."—The poem with this title in THE POST of July 1st, and which was credited to "Marie S. Ludd," should have been credited to "Miriam Earle." It was our mistake.

THE London Times lately mentioned, as a remarkable and unprecedented fact, that a vessel which came into an English port had been saved at sea by a fish. The ship sprung a leak. All the efforts of the crew to discover the faulty plank and stem the torrent which was rapidly sinking the vessel proved unavailing. Suddenly, however, the leak was stayed, and when the vessel came into port a fish was found wedged into an aperture in her stern. A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine says: "I remember some years ago being present at the annual celebration of 'Colston's Day' in the city of Bristol. One of the associations which do special honor to the memory of the philanthropist is called 'The Dolphin Society.' It bears upon its banners the effigy of a dolphin. The same fish is the badge of the Colston School. The story told in connection with it is that once when Colston was at sea on board one of his own vessels, the ship sprang a leak. The merchant, praying God to save the ship, made the propitiatory vow that if he were spared to return home he would devote a large proportion of his wealth to charitable purposes. The pumps immediately began to toil upon the leak. By-and-by the vessel righted herself, and eventually sailed into Kingsland. When she was examined a dolphin was found fairly embedded in a 'stove-in' plank. Colston nobly fulfilled his vow, and adopted the dolphin as his coat of arms. It is many years since the story was related to me by Mr. John Taylor, of the Bristol Mirror. I will not answer for the exact correctness of the details, but my account may be taken as a sufficiently close version of the original story. It is only another illustration of the numerical strength of the family of precedents. There is nothing new under the sun."

HOW ABOUT THAT SOAP-GRASS BUTTER? A correspondent of the "Liberal Christian," who is a little out of patience with the Eastern people, says:—

"A friend said to me the other day: 'I have just returned from attending the National Dairyman's Convention. We discussed the frauds practiced by certain firms and men in making butter out of common soap-grass and selling it for the genuine article made out of cream. Now, it is a fact, said he, that every New England dairyman voted against exposing these frauds, and all our Western men voted in favor of exposing them. They said it will hurt our trade to have them exposed, showing pretty clearly that they were implicated in them, and were afraid to have the truth known about this matter.' Said he: 'I was amazed at the utter want of moral principle in those men which that discussion brought to light; and, as a New England man, I was deeply mortified and ashamed.'"

Among the piquant aphorisms upon the somewhat shabby topic of credit may be mentioned Lord Alvanley's description of a man who "muddled away his fortune in paying his tradesmen's bills." Lord Orford's definition of timber: "An excrement on the face of the earth, placed there by Providence for the payment of debts; and Pelham's argument that "it is responsible to be arrested for debt, because it shows that the party owes his credit."

The Cincinnati Gazette scathingly thinks that the great need of the country is not schools of the fine arts, but of the mechanic arts; schools to train boys and girls to earn a living. The great educational problem is how to direct school education to the great necessity of labor. And one of the greatest labor problems is, How shall the rising generation learn the trades they must follow for a living?

A California lady gave offense to one of the party accompanying the English High Commissioners, who was speaking of the Golden State. "Aw, yes," said the gentleman, "fine place, no doubt, but shouldn't care to live there, you know. You have earthquakes there, and they are such shocking nuisances." (The lady laughed, and said to a bystander: "What an excellent joke! He calls earthquakes 'shocking nuisances.'") "Marian," said the supposed wit, moving away with offended dignity, "I never pass."

Two married ladies chatting about their husbands. "What," says one of them, "you permit your husband to smoke in your rooms?" "Certainly I do—but he spends his evenings with me," replied the other. "Yes, at that price!" "My dear friend, a shrewd wife avails herself of her husband's faults to repress his vices."

A Philadelphia young lady appeared at the ball at Cape May on the Fourth of July, in a dress made entirely of white lace, which was purchased in Brussels at a cost of about \$7,000. It is kept in an airtight case, and the sunlight is never allowed to fall upon it.



## ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN CARTER'S STORY."

CHAPTER XIV.  
A SHIPWRECK.

It was a gloomy day in Lintorp; the clouds were heavy, and only the high wind kept off the rain; the waves were rolling up against the sides of the pier, and dashing against the sea-wall—rolling, leaping, or coming in wild sweeps, that suddenly rose up in showers of spray, and thundered over with a slow, booming roar, as though the working of the heaving water was painful and difficult.

Yet, despite the dullness of the weather, people were all out in the town. John Carter at his window saw the groups hurrying along the quay—men, women, and all, making their way in one direction.

He went down stairs, and out into the street, to see what was the matter.

"They're going to see the vessel that struck on the rocks last night. They say she'll go to pieces with this tide."

John Carter followed the stream. He did not exactly know why, but a curious impulse seized him to look upon the destruction of the vessel. He found the pier thronged with people, who had flocked from all parts; sailors, and perchance the crew of the fated vessel, had assembled to see the end of it. Boys had clambered over the every available point, and were running along the top of the wall like squirrels, regardless of the fact that one lurch would send them into the seething water, from which escape would be impossible. Fashionable visitors, too, were there, who had made an effort to come down for the sake of a little excitement.

Lady Peckford, wrapped in a waterproof cloak, stood near one of the embrasures, into which a tall, handsome girl had mounted, in order to obtain a better view of the luckless bark.

"It's quite an excitement for one," said Lady Peckford, as John Carter came up to her. "There were two of them; they missed their way in the fog last night, and got upon the rocks. One of them has already gone to pieces; you may see the tips of the masts just above the water."

John Carter looked in the direction to which she pointed; and in the midst of the great leaden billows, he saw the last fragments of the vessel that had so lately sped as a white-winged bird over the water. Then he looked along the waves to where the other vessel yet beat about, as if striving for life against the breakers.

"She can't last long," said Lady Peckford. And as she spoke, a crack was heard, one of the masts tottered and trembled, and finally fell across the deck.

"Horror!" shouted the little boys, as though sympathizing with the victims in the strife.

"Horrid little creatures!" said Lady Peckford. "For my part, I feel as if the vessel were alive, and we were watching her death-throes."

"They are carrying out the sailor's apothegm, that it is in our nature to rejoice at the misfortunes of others," answered John Carter.

"Look, look!" exclaimed Lady Peckford, as a muddy stream seemed to pour from the deck. "What is it?"

"It's the grain that was stored in the hold," replied a bystander. "She's nearly gone; the other mast can't hold another minute."

There was a hush among the watchers; they strained their eyes, as though they feared the wreck would vanish ere they could see the end.

John Carter bent forward as eagerly as any one. Wave after wave broke over the dismantled vessel; she turned hither and thither with every fresh shock; her power of resistance was becoming every moment feeble.

No one spoke, no one moved; each gazed steadily over the gray sea that moaned and roared below, and ever anon cast up showers of blinding spray.

At last it came. Another crash, and the second mast fell; the vessel tilted and sank, and only a speck, or two indicated the place where she had gone down.

And again another shrill "Horror!" arose from the boys, clinging about the pier.

And then the silence was dispelled, and men and women found their voices, and talked and laughed as usual; and the clatter of their footsteps sounded noisily along the stone pavement as they hurried toward.

John Carter did not speak: there was something furring and discordant in the life that made itself manifest after the death-like hush.

Yet it was perhaps natural; for life and death are so nigh together, that the ordinary mind scarce realizes the solemnity of either.

"I wish there was a wreck every day," said the young lady near whom Lady Peckford had been standing, as she sprang down from her elevated position. "I haven't enjoyed anything so much for a long time. Ah! Mr. Carter, she said, perceiving him for the first time, "you are so fond of sight-seeing as the rest of us. Was it not very exciting?"

"More so than I at all expected," Miss Wardlaw. I had no idea one's sympathies could be so awakened for anything inanimate. There was something quite mournful in it.

"Mournful!" repeated Miss Wardlaw. "I cannot say I thought it mournful. There was no one on board. All the people came off in boats last night. Of course, if any one had been drowning, it would have been different. I should have gone home, and have tried not to think about it, as one could do no good."

The latter words of her speech grated on John Carter, even as the sounds of the people dispersing had done; and yet it was human nature again, in another phase—the driving away of thought that disturbs or distresses the mind. To face and grapple with fate or sorrow requires a touch of divinity.

"You will smile, Miss Wardlaw; but I found myself looking upon the poor vessel as a living, sentient being," said John Carter.

"Every effort she made, every blow that struck her, every creak and shiver, reminded me of a human being in distress; or perhaps I was carrying on a sort of allegory that made it so appear to me. I can quite understand how the old Northern poets came to endow the ships of their heroes with living power; how the good vessel that bore St. Olaf to his kingdom worked in unison with her master's will, and how the dragon-ships could smite the monsters that rose up to stay their course. But it appears to me that everything that works in double harmony with the hand of man has a certain power of life in it—steam, machinery, what you will, anything that carries action with

it; and the very fact of calling a ship 'she' suggests this idea. In some countries, a railway train is invariably spoken of as 'she' by the country people, as though 'it' were not applicable to a body moving apparently without a living agency. I think it must be a sagacious of life that underlies their form of speech."

"You must live in a sort of fairy land, Mr. Carter, with such odd notions," answered Miss Wardlaw. "Are you not afraid of becoming heretic?"

"Not at all; the nearer one lives to nature, and to the throbs of humanity, the more orthodox one becomes."

Miss Wardlaw did not comprehend his speech, therefore she answered—

"I am afraid you are not quite orthodox, Mr. Carter."

"What is orthodox, Miss Wardlaw?"

"Believing everything that there is no doubt about its being right to believe," she replied, promptly.

John Carter smiled.

"A very comprehensive definition, Miss Wardlaw, if one could apply it. But how are we to decide upon the everything that is to be included in the list of orthodox things?"

Miss Wardlaw looked surprised.

"I thought all clergymen knew—that is, that all they read and studied made them understand exactly—what was orthodox and what was not. Even Mr. Smithson was quite orthodox, papa said, only a little vulgar. Mrs. Smithson was, too, for she always agreed with mamma and me."

"Well, then, you must define your views for my edification, and then I shall know whether I am orthodox or not, by their agreement with mine."

Miss Wardlaw was perplexed.

"I don't trouble myself about views," she answered. "I believe what papa believes, and what the Church believes, and what all who are right in their belief believe; and therefore, of course, I am orthodox."

And Miss Wardlaw had answered John Carter with an incontestable argument. Perhaps she had, for he made no reply to it; and they walked along the pier in silence—John Carter's thoughts wandering away to his ignorant feelings after the true, the wonderful, and the unseen, with her doubts, and her antagonisms, and her odd fancies; and he felt that she was no more ignorant than the girl beside him, tutored as she had been in all the prescribed routine of so-called orthodoxy, without one natural skepticism or thought having been brought to bear on the subject.

Miss Wardlaw had acquired her belief, as she had done her syntax rules, because it was a part of her education; but without inquiry, without understanding—simply as a matter to be gone through, and that did not involve any further progress.

"How the wind blows," said Lady Peckford, as they gained the shelter of the road leading to the upper ground. "What a relief it is to find one's self away from the water. I should not like to be out at sea to-night. I wonder the steamer started for Tarnside."

"Yet there were a great many passengers on board—the deck was crowded," replied Miss Wardlaw.

"People will risk a good deal for pleasure," said John Carter; "it's the regatta at Tarnside to-morrow."

"Ah, that is the reason! I had quite forgotten the regatta. But I scarcely think even it would induce me to have ventured," returned Miss Wardlaw.

Besides, the captain would not have started had he apprehended danger. He would not put out to sea yesterday."

"Nevertheless," said Lady Peckford, "one's fears would be the same; but then, I am a great coward, and have always had a horror of drowning. You will come in to dinner, she added, abruptly turning to John Carter; "seven is my hour—and the Lovells and Wethers are coming. I can't get through the evenings without society. And you will come too, and bring your music."

And she turned to Miss Wardlaw.

"Not to dinner. But I can come in for an hour in the evening."

"Now, you certainly cannot refuse," said Lady Peckford to John Carter, who had said nothing. "You have always missed hearing Miss Wardlaw sing, and you do not know what a treat it is."

"The temptation is great," replied John Carter; "but I am not sure that I can avail myself of your invitation."

"Nonsense—what excuse can you possibly have? No one is ill in the congregation, and you must have written your sermon, for this is Friday."

"No, I have not."

"No, you can write it to-morrow, and I shall expect you."

They had mounted the steps, and reached the upper ground, and were not far from Lady Peckford's door.

"I am afraid I can't promise."

"I will not listen to any excuses."

"But—"

"No—I shall expect you. And now, will you see Miss Wardlaw home?"

With pleasure.

Lady Peckford looked after Miss Wardlaw for a moment, before she entered the house.

"Midred Wardlaw is really a very handsome girl—and she looked particularly well to-day," mused Lady Peckford. "I'm not sure that John could do better, since there's the chance come up of the Clarendon property falling in. The Wardlaws have certainly been very fortunate. I must do what I can, and keep the thing in play until something better turns up. I wish she wouldn't try subjects beyond her range—for any one can see that her forte is not the intellectual—and John Carter's clever enough not to see it. Perhaps it doesn't matter—for men don't care whether girls have any sense or not. He must think her handsome. It's almost a pity that she's half-far, as he's light himself, he would be more likely to take a fancy to some one dark. I wonder if the mythic personage is light or dark! I don't much believe in her—at any rate, he's not fretting after her—for he's willing, as far as I can see, to be agreeable to every one. Probably he sees the superiority of the girl here to the rustic beauty—if she is a beauty. And, of course, she can't sing as Miss Wardlaw does—who has had the best instruction—and John Carter has a good idea of music. Yes, he is sure to admire her singing. Then, she looks even better at night than she does in the day. Thirty thousand pounds come to her father's death! And he is decidedly beginning to fail. And this Clarendon property will be quite as much—if not, as reports say, a great deal more. I must consider before I throw away the chance. I should like John to marry well. What is he to do if he does not meet with a fortune?"

And Lady Peckford went to dress for dinner.

CHAPTER XV.  
PROPHETIC.

The storm that had visited Lintorp was felt with even greater force at Broadmead. Through the dreary day, the rain had beaten against the windows; and the wind had awayed the great branches of the almost leafless trees, until they seemed like sylvan arms, outstretched in helpless struggles with the enemy. The oaks were mighty in their years of sturdy growth; but stronger came the raging wind, whose dwelling-place man knows not—rushing along upon the wings of death—as it seemed to Diana—shrilling and wailing with a voice that spoke to her of sorrow and decay. "Oh wind, Oh wind!—whence comest thou, and whither goest thou, and what hast thou to tell to men?"

For, from her earliest years, Diana had inherited the wind with an ideal being, with a twofold nature—one that swept by in wrath and destruction; one that came lovingly, and kissed the flowers, and brought sweet whispings of a far-off country that spoke of peace and happiness and everlasting youth.

To-night, as she lingered over the fire in her sitting-room, she knew that it came to her in wrath. The beams in the old ceiling creaked, and the trees between her window creaked, as though some demon's are were splitting them asunder.

Diana shivered. She had a strong tendency towards a belief in the supernatural. The bold fanciful theories that were partly the result of a somewhat morbid childhood, and partly of her imaginative nature. She had lived in an atmosphere of ideal beauty and idealisms of all kinds; possibly the remnants of old legends she had heard in eastern lands, whose brighter picture-coloring had died out, and left but a shadowy outline. Everything with her was a living power—the wind most of all, since it had a voice whose intonations she had often tried to interpret.

Perhaps there could be heard in it the voices of spirits, waiting to those upon the earth, and warning those who loved to flee from the wrath to come. To-night, amid the fierce gusts of wild, fierce passion, she seemed to hear a note that sounded clear above all others—though it was lower, deeper, and sorer so despairing in its tone.

And a strange fancy came over her that John Carter was sending her a message on the storm. Why should it not be that, through the medium of nature, soul should communicate with soul? He might be thinking of her, as she was of him; and so the wind had caught up his soul-utterance, and had borne it to her. Were not all so linked together in this great universe, that it was impossible to say where the chain ended, or what force there was without the range of mortal comprehension that bound the earth with other laws than those we call rational?

She had drawn her easy-chair close up to the fireplace, and, wrapping a great cloak round her, she sat, half-shuddering as the faint gusts struck against the casement, making it rattle as though some unseen power were trying to force the windows from their frames. Closer she drew to the fire, and placed her hands over her ears to prevent hearing the blast, that sounded to her like unnatural bursts of laughter, as of demons triumphing over the struggling souls of men. Wilder it grew, until she almost felt the breath of unseen revellers on her cheek—cold and piercing. And then the undertone that she had heard before wailed out—

"Lost! lost!"

She shuddered. Everything was growing so strangely real around her. The shadows that flickered in the firelight assumed fantastic shapes, stretching out long, skinny arms, and beckoning to her with misty fingers. The tapping of the rain against the window-panes no longer seemed so counted for by natural causes, but rather as the hand of some weird being, praying for admission. Then came the creak, sighing of the waving trees, the clatter of some loosened tile upon the roof, the sudden flash of lightning, and the heavy rolling crash of the thunder—all chiming into the spirit-chorus of the storm, that grew wilder and wilder; and still above it, forever, sounding in sad, clear tones, Diana heard—

"Lost! lost!"

So real it became at last, that Diana, as though wailing out for help, cried out—

"John! John!"

For an awful fear had seized her. She had heard of those in their death struggle having the power of communicating with those they loved, through some inexplicable psychological link. Diana had told her many a story of how a message had mysteriously come, or even the loved one had appeared, at the very time of death. And Diana had listened, and had believed; for it suited her some great reason to prevent his writing to her. Perhaps he was dying—was even dead—and the message had come to prepare her for the tidings.

"John! John!"

And still the storm-voice seemed to answer—

"Lost! lost!"

Louder, again, her cry arose, ringing clear over the raging elements—

"John!"

And at that instant came a mighty crash—louder, it seemed to Diana, than even the rattling thunder—so close, that it seemed as though the roof were breaking in above her. The room rocked, and a great cloud of smoke puffed out from the fireplace.

For a moment she was as one paralyzed. Then gathering the cloak around her, she sprang up, and fled down stairs, along the passages; she could not be alone any longer.

Jasper had been sitting up late, reading in the library, as was his custom; and the remainder of the household, though they had retired to rest, were not in bed—the storm was too furious for them to sleep through. So the maid had congregated in one of the rooms, and the men were sitting listening in the servants' hall, not knowing what might happen.

As Diana sped along the still lighted passages, intending to go to Prime, who slept in the next room to her mistress, Jasper—who, at the crash, had started from his studies—met her.

He was half-startled as he caught sight of her—she looked so like a spirit, with her eyes staring over her shoulders.

"Di!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, Jasper, is it you?" for she had not, in her terror, perceived him. "I am so frightened," and she crouched up to him. "What is it? Did you hear it?" she asked.

"Poor child, how you are trembling. Of course I heard it. I was going to see what it was."

"Then it was something earthly," said Diana, abruptly.

"Earthly! certainly, Di. You are dreaming!"

"It is the storm," she said, shivering; "it is very awful. What a night it must be at sea!"

Instinctively her thoughts turned to the sea, as though they must be near to where John Carter was.

So was clinging to Jasper's arm—for it seemed as though she could not be alone.

"Let me go with you, Jasper. It was near my room. I thought the roof was coming in. I can go only—only—everything is turning round—Jasper—"

The hold upon his arm relaxed; and if he had not caught her, she would have fallen. He lifted her in his arms, and carried her towards his mother's room. She seemed no weight, she was so slight and fragile. Poor Di!—she had grown thinner; and there was a sharpened look in her white, still face, the light of one of the lamps fell upon it. His heart smote him; and he bent his head, and gently touched her forehead with his lips.

"Poor little Di!"

The touch slightly roused her.

"John!" she faintly murmured.

A frown came over Jasper's brow, and his heart grew hard again. The word had steeled him against any compassion for her, and silenced any compunction on his part. All pity centred in himself. He carried her rapidly along the long gallery.

"Mother!" he said, Di is almost frightened to death; she has fainted."

Prime opened the door—her mistress had not dared to be left—and she and Prime were listening in mortal terror to the storm. They had heard the noise above, but were too much alarmed to stir.

Jasper laid Diana on the sofa.

"What was it Jasper?" asked Mrs. Seaton, her teeth chattering.

"Fright, I suppose," answered Jasper, thinking only of Diana. "Poor child! Here, Prime, have you no salts? She's coming a little to herself."

Diana opened her eyes.

"It will go off now," she said, and her eyes glanced inquiringly round the room, as if she could not quite understand how she had come there.

Just then a loud shriek was heard; and in another instant one of the maids rushed frantically into the room.

"The chimney has fallen in, in Miss Diana's bed-room. She's killed! she's killed!" and Hester's voice was lost in her choking sob.

At that moment she perceived Diana, who had half risen, looking more like a ghost than a human being; the cloak falling away from her, and her white dressing-gown flowing round her. The girl believed she had seen her apparition; and hiding her face, she gave another shriek.

Prime, roused from her fears by the matter-of-fact solution of the alarm, and by her knowledge of Diana's safety—went up to the girl, and seizing her arm a little roughly, said—

"Be quiet with your nonsense. Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Don't you see that Miss Diana's all right, and she hadn't gone to bed at all?"

Whereas Hester—who was Dolly's sister, and consequently given to superstitious beliefs, even as Dolly had been—cautiously looked up again, and seeing that Diana had not vanished—as she would have done had she been a ghost—became satisfied, and began to cry hysterically.

Prime pushed her out of the room; and Dolly, recovering herself, returned to tell the other servants—who were huddled together in mute horror outside the door of Diana's apartments—that Miss Ellis was safe in the mistress's room.

"The Lord be praised!" ejaculated the cook.

"Amen!" responded Thomas.

The "Amen" seemed to rouse the servants from the stupor of fear into which they had been cast, and a simultaneous rubbing ensued. Diana was a favorite with them all—perhaps they scarcely realized how great a one, until death having passed so near her, had shown them the place she had in their hearts.

"It's right enough for to-night sir," said Thomas to Jasper. "The old chimney's been a little riotous this long time, but her one would have thought of danger. It's been a narrow escape, according to human speaking; but there's been a mysterious and merciful Providence at work, sir."

Jasper Seaton was not disposed to indulge in meditations of the kind; but a chill ran through him as he thought of the escape Diana had had.

"She shall never sleep up here again," he said to himself.

The wind was already preparing one of the rooms down stairs for Diana.

"It won't do to leave Miss Ellis to-night, Hester," said Jasper, pausing at the door.

"No, sir."

He knocked at his mother's door.

As he came in, Diana was saying,

"I think I shall have Hester to sleep in the room with me. I know it's very foolish, but the storm has made me feel quite ill."

"Prime, you had better see about the room, and about Hester," said Mrs. Seaton. "It is all done," answered Jasper; "and you may all sleep peacefully now, for the storm is blowing over. Good night, mother—good night, Di."

"Good night," replied Diana, wearily.

Jasper thinks of everything for you, Diana, observed Mrs. Seaton, as her son left the room.

"He is very good to me. I think he must be the best guardian any one ever had."

Prime had moved to the other end of the room, and Mrs. Seaton hesitated for a moment whether she should speak the words that were on her lips; but she deemed it wiser to leave them unspoken. So she answered coldly, in a low tone—

"Do you, indeed? I fancied that you did not appreciate him."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PRACH.—The peach was originally a poisoned almond. Its fleshy parts were used to poison arrows, and the fruit was for this purpose introduced into Persia. The transplantation and cultivation, however, not only removed its poisonous qualities, but produced the delicious fruit we now enjoy.

Isn't it queer that contractors should be employed to widen streets?

From telegraph poles have been substituted for wooden ones on the line between Berlin and Potsdam, and along the railway from Wiesbaden to Gera, with such satisfactory results, that it is now proposed to introduce them on all Prussian telegraph lines. In Switzerland they have also been satisfactorily tried. It is claimed that they will last so much longer than wooden ones that they will be cheaper in the end, while they are much more pleasing to the eye.

A correspondent of a Cincinnati paper attempted to interview one of Brigham Young's wives the other day, but she quietly dismissed him, saying: "I will have nothing to do with you. I am perfectly contented. I get everything I need, and have an easy, pleasant life. Clear out!"

R. R. R.

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**A Few Words to the Ladies.**

Many ladies, particularly mothers nursing, complain of a tired, listless feeling, or complete exhaustion, on arising in the morning. On the wife and mother devotes the responsibility of regulating the duties of the household. Her cares are numerous, and the mental as well as the physical powers are frequently called into requisition. She often finds her slightest occupation a weary task and extensive a burden, while at the same time she has no regular disease. HOSBETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, if resorted to at this period, will prove an untiring remedy for this annoying lassitude. The effects of this potent agent are soon seen in the rosy cheek and elastic step of the head of the family, as with restored health and renewed spirits she takes her accustomed place in the family circle. If this friend in need be regularly used, those depressing symptoms will never be complained of, and not only would lassitude not be experienced, but many diseases following its advent be avoided. As a medical agent it has no equal, while its pleasing flavor and healthful effects have made it a general favorite. It is free from all properties calculated to impair the system, and its operations are at once mild, soothing, and efficient. All who have used the Bitters attest its virtues and commend it to use. July 1-1871

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sends his "Family Physician," 50 pages, free by mail to any one. This book is to make any one their own doctor. Remedies are given for Thirty Diseases, which each person can prepare.

Send your direction to Dr. S. S. FITCH & SON, 714 Broadway, New York. May 15-1871

**The Prettiest Woman in New York** society, last winter, was a rough-skinned, freckled faced girl in Dayton, O., but one year ago, she used HAZEN'S MAGNOLIA BALM upon her face and hands with such persistency, that her complexion became her greatest attraction. It will do the same for any one. It will obliterate Blemishes, Moth-patches, Ring-marks, Sunburns, &c., give a marble-like complexion, and perpetuate the bloom of youth for years. What the Magnolia Balm is to the complexion, Lyon's Celebrated Kathairon is to the hair. It not only beautifies the hair, but stimulates its growth, and prevents it from falling out or turning gray. All Druggists keep these articles. July 15-1871

**Interesting to Ladies.**

I have used the **Grout & Baker Machine** almost constantly for eleven years, doing all kinds of sewing on it, from the 30 cent cambric ruffing to the heaviest English beaver cloth. I find it invaluable for Hemming, Felling, Binding, Binding, Gathering and everything in general that fingers can do. I prefer it over all others on account of its simplicity and durability, and could not be induced to use any other kind.

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If you desire a mild, pleasant, safe and agreeable Cathartic, which will cause neither nausea or griping pains, use nature's remedy, **HALL'S CATHERG PILLS.** They are purely vegetable; their component parts being **Cascara**, **Grape Juice** and **Field Extract**. Should you desire a brilliant complexion, youthful appearance, new life, new fresh blood and renewed vigor, use **HALL'S EXTRACT OF CASCARA.**

**Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma** enables my wife to sleep quietly.—Kimball Hodley Wardboro', Vt.



MELLY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY MARIE S. LADD.

On the slope or at the lee,  
Little Melly you would see;  
On a summer afternoon,  
With the sunset soft behind her.

Sometimes Harry, proud and high,  
Owner of those lands around her,  
Harkening homeward with his game,  
On the slope had singing found her.

And the maid's blue, smiling eyes,  
And her low and cheerful laughter,  
Had a magnet's power which drew  
Harry homeward often after.

Seeking, then, to win her love,  
He but found her cold and shy,  
Ofttimes when he came to seek her,  
She from out the field would fly.

And the reason he would know  
Of the change when she was near him,  
Had she for him such dislike,  
Or, he asked her, did she fear him?

"Yes," said Melly, "yes, I fear you,—  
Mary Davis was my friend;  
Young Squire Hartley all the summer  
Sought her footsteps to attend;

"And at last when Mary loved him,  
Then he said that they must part,  
Soon he left her, wed another,  
And it broke her trusting heart."

With her head bent down and blushing,  
These were all her low replies,  
Low, but truly were they spoken,—  
Little Melly, true and wise.

Quickly then her lover said,  
"Maiden, I would give my life,  
Could I make you own me happy,  
And to call you, some day, wife;

"I, of men, would be the proudest,  
And my love should never wane,  
All my heart would beat with pleasure,  
Though it, now, but throbs with pain."

How could she resist believing  
High-bred Harry's sweet words,  
Earnest, loving, and she listened,—  
Little Melly, true and sweet.

Doubts no longer can disturb her,  
She sits happy at his side,  
Blue eyes smiling cheer upon him,  
She is now young Harry's bride.

## THE SHADOW OF A GHOST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST  
BY CLIO STANLEY.

"Do you believe there are really any  
ghosts at the old house, Geoffrey?" said Roy  
Moore, as he rested one hand on his shoulder  
and looked down into his face with  
puzzled eyes.

"Of course there are ghosts," said Geoffrey,  
meditatively. "There never was a deserted  
house that didn't harbor at least one. The  
only question is how many there are."

"Pshaw!" said Aunt Nell, crossly; "don't  
put nonsense into the child's head, Geoffrey!"  
"Leroy said—" broke in Roy eagerly;  
but at the dark look which Geoffrey bent  
on her face, she paused in confusion.

"Well," said Geoffrey, disdainfully, "what  
does Mr. Mills say?"

"He says he has seen a ghost flitting about  
the old house after nightfall, and he thinks  
it is the ghost of a woman."

"If it had been the ghost of a man, said  
Geoffrey Lee, tossing his head to the table,  
and turning so as to face his pretty little  
cousin, Roy Moore, "he would have been  
afraid of it."

"I don't believe he is any more a coward  
than you are, Geoffrey Lee; but if there is a  
ghost there, I mean to see it!"

And Roy walked away to the window,  
and dashed her little nose against the glass  
to watch for Leroy Mills.

"You are a stupid fellow, Geoffrey," said  
Aunt Nell under her breath, "and Roy is a  
fool! If you want the child to love you,  
don't begin by abusing any of her other ad-  
mirers."

Geoffrey caught the whisper, and getting  
up, followed Roy to the window.

"Who are you looking for, Roy?" he  
asked in a pleasant voice, standing close be-  
side her, and smoothing down the shining  
curls of hair which clustered above her fair,  
sweet brow.

"I am looking for Mr. Mills," she said,  
blushing faintly; "and I wish you wouldn't  
rumple my hair."

"Have I rumpled it, dear? I am sorry.  
Let me smooth it again, then."

And waiting for no permission, he drew  
her away from the window, and putting his  
soft, white hands against her blushing  
cheeks, kissed the brown curls lightly, twice  
—thrice, and then went away without a  
word.

Roy opened her blue eyes to their widest  
extent as she looked after him, and drew a  
long breath as she turned back to the window.

"But he is only my cousin," she mur-  
mured softly to herself.

I think Geoffrey Lee would have given a  
good deal to have known what came before  
that "but!"

The light died away in the little sitting-  
room, and Roy went to the piano and began  
to futter over the loose leaves of music.

"Sing me something," asked Aunt Nell,  
from the shadowy side of the room.

"Why, auntie, are you here? I thought  
you went out long ago with Geoffrey. Shall  
I sing you the song he loves best?"

And before Miss Lee could reply, the  
sweet voice rose clear in the twilight air,  
while the little hands made melody with the  
song on the pearl keys of her Erard.

"That is the most enchanting music I  
have listened to this summer," said a gay  
voice at her side, and Roy looked up into  
the sparkling eyes of Mr. Leroy Mills.

"Do you?" he asked with an eager glance.  
"I don't disbelieve in them."

"Have you enough curiosity about the  
matter to go with me to the old house and  
watch for one?"

"Can we get in? I thought the house  
was shut up."

"We can make the attempt at least. I  
used to wander about the house as often as  
I liked when a child, and I know its weakest  
point."

"But who lived there then? Not Mr.  
Thorley?"

"No. Old Deacon Grey owned the house,  
and only sold it to Mr. Thorley seven or  
eight years since, when he moved out west."

"I will go if you can get any one else to  
go with us," said Roy, after a moment's  
thought.

"There is Lida Carlton and Nelly Ray,  
both of them friends of yours, who will  
surely go. And perhaps Miss Carlton's  
brother will go."

"Yes, of course," said Roy decidedly,  
"and Joe Hosford, and Geoffrey."

"Yes," said Mr. Mills, looking a little less  
pleased. "Mr. Lee is a cousin of yours, is  
he not?"

"I call him my cousin, because then I  
have a right to make him wait on me,"  
Roy answered, laughing merrily. "In  
reality, you know, he isn't the least bit re-  
lated to me."

"I was mistaken then. I had supposed  
you were own cousins."

"Oh, that is because we both belong to  
Aunt Nell."

"I hope you will always remember that,  
Miss Roy," said Miss Lee, coming in from  
the piazza, where she had been sitting with  
Geoffrey, "and do credit to my bringing up."

"Don't I always behave well?" said Roy,  
with a pretty pout on her red lips.

"Always. Good-evening, Mr. Mills."

"Oh! where did you come from, Geo-  
ffrey?"

"From the tent of the Twilight gray,  
Where witches love to stay!"

"If the spell is on you, tell me what we  
have been talking about."

"About ghosts of dead folks. I am cer-  
tain. Have you found out anything new?"

"No, but we will to-morrow night. Mr.  
Mills can let us into the old house, and we  
shall see what a ghost is like."

"I believe you are crazy, child! What do  
you want of a ghost?"

"It was Aunt Nell, of course, who asked  
the question."

"Nothing Auntie; but to see if it will  
want anything of me!"

And so it happened that the merry group  
of young people found a way into the old  
house of Deacon Grey, the next night; and  
throwing the shutters back on their rusty  
hinges, let in a flood of moonlight, through  
which gleamed the old-fashioned gables;  
the garden path, with bits of scarlet blue-  
bells showing among the weeds; and a nar-  
row path winding in and out under the oaks,  
where the ghost was said to walk.

Leroy Mills had established himself on the  
sofa by Roy; Joe Hosford and Lida Carlton  
were walking up and down the room,  
humming a new ditty; little Nelly Ray sat  
on a footstool listening to the ghost stories  
which Ned Carlton was telling; and Geo-  
ffrey was indoors and out, trying to be pa-  
tient, while his heart was overflowing with  
bitter thoughts.

Suddenly he burst into the room, startling  
every one with the announcement that he  
had seen the ghost!

"Where, Geoffrey?" pleaded Roy, her  
hand on his arm.

"I can't say just where," he returned, as  
if half bewildered. "Perhaps it was only the  
shadow of a ghost; and it vanished in  
this air and moonlight."

"Was it a man or a woman, Mr. Lee?"  
asked Leroy Mills, drawing a little nearer to  
Roy.

"I will not be sure," he replied. "Yet it  
had a tender face, full of sorrowful mem-  
ories, and it seemed to whisper, 'No hope,  
no hope.'"

There was a breathless hush for a minute,  
and Ned Carlton put out strong arm about  
little timid Nelly Ray. Mr. Mills looked as  
if he would like to do the same thing to re-  
assure Roy, but something in her face held  
him away.

"Hark!" said Lida Carlton, holding up  
her slender forefinger, on which shone a  
magnificent solitaire. "I think I hear the  
rustle of burial robes!"

Roy's face grew paler as she listened,  
hearing nothing but the swish of the leaves  
against the side of the house; when, sud-  
denly above the silence there was the sound  
of a heavy fall, and a cry burst from every  
throat.

Lida Carlton and Nelly hid their faces  
in their hands, but for one moment Roy stood  
resolute. Then with a glad thrill of relief  
she read the secret in Geoffrey's eyes, and  
springing to his side, she whispered:

"Oh, Geoffrey! Geoffrey! Keep me safe!"

"Always, my own darling!" he breathed  
in her ear; and held her close while he light-  
ed a wax candle on the table, and proposed  
they should search for the ghost.

THE  
LOVERS OF ELIZABETH BROWN.WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST  
BY MABEL PERCY.

Down by the river side there is a sylvan  
palace. Vines clamber up the trees and run  
over the rocks, and graceful willows bend  
forward to watch their reflection in the  
sparkling water. Beyond are green mead-  
ows and farm-houses, to which distance  
leads enchantment, and above all is the  
azure dome with the swan-like clouds sailing  
lazily over the blue expanse.

This spot is dear to one who daily seats  
herself upon the rock, and perhaps Narci-  
sus-like looks at her bright, young face in  
the stream.

She is there now, leaning her head upon  
her hand with the sun's warm, caressing  
touch upon her golden brown hair. There  
is decided character expressed by the mouth,  
and thought has a temple on her brow, while  
beauty adds the witching charm of eyes like  
wells of love and a rosebud bloom upon her  
cheeks.

"He loves me, he loves me not, he loves  
me, he loves me not," do, came in anxious  
tones from the figure upon the rock, who  
was scattering the leaves of a rose to the  
winds as she repeated alternately the  
above sentences; the words accompanying the  
last leaf being supposed to indicate the  
state of the loved one's affection.

She had tried to read, but her thoughts  
refused confinement, and instead of soaring  
aloft as was their wont, grovelled in the  
valley of Humiliation, chained there by a  
recollection of Aunt Hannah's words, "He  
never will marry you in the world." Of  
course he would not. Why had she not  
known and realized this before? He was  
handsome, rich, well-educated, and from  
the city. This last comprehended much  
in Libbie's mind. She had seen the city  
ladies when they came to board at the  
"Spread Eagle Hotel," and she had a vivid  
remembrance of their graceful ways and  
shining silks and jewels. Probably his ris-  
ten was just such a fine lady who stared  
and laughed at country folks. Mr. James  
had been kind to her, very. She never could  
forget how very kind he had been; but then  
that meant nothing. She was a little igno-  
rant country girl, with nothing pleasing about  
her but her curls and pink complexion, and  
what were these in comparison with the  
charms of the beautiful city ladies? To be  
sure, Uncle Nathan would have her sent to  
the academy.

"Hernath, Libbath shall have an education,"  
she remembered his very words. "You nor  
I never had none, but Libbie's mother did,  
and what a real lady she was!"

"Yes," said Aunt Hannah, "she had  
learned sure nuff; but maybe if yer Aunt  
Moore hadn't took 'er to educate she wouldn't  
be a married a scamp that broke her heart with  
his drinkin' and then run off."

"Hernath," said Uncle Nathan in a tone  
that always silenced her; but Libbie had  
heard it, and now she vividly remembered  
that her father, if she had one, was a  
scamp, and what was she but a nobody.

"I'll stay by my farm-house and not sigh  
for a palace," she said bitterly to herself,  
"and I will not let Philip James know that  
I ever for one moment imagined that he  
cared for me."

She picked up her volume of Tennyson's  
poems that Mr. James had loaned her, and  
read on in a desultory fashion, endeavoring  
to fix her attention upon something that  
should make her forget her present thoughts.

"Love, love, love," she cried impatiently.  
"Is love the sweetest thing the world has?"

"Certainly, Miss Libbie," cried a pleasant  
voice as Philip James swung himself by a  
branch down by her side, "and I can prove  
it by a hypothesis."

"How?" she asked, keeping her gaze bent  
resolutely upon the sparkling water.

"First then, Love is happiness; second,  
every one desires happiness; therefore," said  
he triumphantly, "every one will love."

"Your hypothesis as you are pleased to  
term it is worthless, sir," she returned,  
"and I will prove that it is so. To initiate  
you, first then, love is not always happi-  
ness; second, every one does not desire hap-  
piness; they prefer fame, honor, riches, or I  
should say they exchange happiness which  
they, perhaps, already possess for what will  
bring the world's applause. Therefore, every  
one will not love."

"Was experience or observation your  
teacher?"

"My ideas," she answered, laughing, "are  
like Topsy, they 'grew.'"

"But seeking to divert his attention she said, 'Will you  
not read?'"

"Certainly," he answered, "if you wish  
me to, but as I return to the city to-morrow  
I would prefer to talk."

"Then," said gayly, "if you return  
to-morrow, read by all means. Do not, I beg  
you, neglect this last opportunity of im-  
proving my mind. After you are gone I  
shall return to the perusal of last year's al-  
manac, and it would be pleasant to recall to  
mind once again the jingle of some sweet  
rhyme."

"Oh, shadow of the poets, hear her, (the  
jingle of some sweet rhyme! But, Miss  
Libbie, I have brought you for a keepsake,  
until I see you again, this volume of 'Roses  
Bound.' It is a perfect word-painting of  
your New England winters. Will you ac-  
cept of it?"

"Oh, no; I should have no time to read  
it," she answered ungraciously, scarcely

glancing at the beautiful, illustrated copy.  
"I have, already, the almanac, the almanac,  
a volume of Shakespeare, and the Bible. Some  
one has said that they comprise a whole  
library in themselves."

"Then you will not accept this?"

"No," she said, "I see enough snow  
without reading of it. 'But,' she added  
pleasantly, "are you not going to read it to  
me?"

Mr. James looked puzzled at these en-  
tirely new phases in her character, which he  
had supposed so frank and ingenuous that  
he who ran might read.

"What shall I read?" he asked. "'Maud,'  
or 'The Miller's Daughter'?"

"Neither; read 'The Princess.' She was  
a woman after my own heart."

"Why," he asked shyly; "because she  
finally acknowledged the power of love?"

"Lisbeth, Lisbeth," Aunt Hannah's voice  
came ringing through the wood.

"There, I must go," she said, rising  
hastily; "good-by."

"Oh, Libbie, Libbie, cannot I see you  
again? Meet me here to-morrow," he said  
in an entreating tone.

"No, I don't think I can, we shall be so  
busy all day, and besides, you will be busy  
too, you know. I am much obliged for  
your kindness. Here is your book. I hope  
I have not injured it. Good-by," and she  
hastened away, not realizing in her youth  
and her desire to be brave, how rude were  
her words.

And thus they parted, these two who  
loved each other so truly and well; for  
Philip James did love the little country  
girl in a way that it made his heart ache  
to think of, though he was terribly angry.

"Talk of city girls! She will eclipse  
them all by her brighter genius. Coquetry  
and cool impudences must be second nature.  
Perhaps she encouraged me for the purpose  
of luring on some tardy lover. I remember  
that she blushed when I asked her last  
week something about that young doctor,  
John Bertram."

Poor little Libbie, to be so cruelly judged  
when you are sorrowing for your disagreeable  
words, but thinking it best that they were  
said.

So Philip James returned to the city, and  
Elizabeth Brown to the wearisome routine  
of her daily labor, now no longer enlivened  
by the anticipation of meeting, by the river  
side, the one who for a brief season had made  
her life seem like some sweet poem tuned to  
the subtle melody of love.

There were times when she thought that,  
perhaps, she had been too hasty in deciding  
against her friend, he had been so kind and  
tender to her always. But if he loved her  
would he have been estranged thus easily?  
Forgetting that his pride might equal her own,  
she answered her question in a way that  
brought her nothing but sorrow.

And then John Bertram came a wooing,  
a wooing Libbie, and he was a man of noble  
soul and a heart strong though tender.

Long had he loved her, but when in the  
blissful summer of "love's young dream,"  
she had told him that to her he was a  
valued friend, nothing more, he tried to be  
satisfied, and without a murmur went on in  
his active life. He, unlike weaker souls,  
did not tire of living. Life was too  
great a boon to be talked of lightly, but his  
heart was sealed to other love, and he gave  
up his cherished idea of a home, which to  
him seemed fraught with such happy mean-  
ing.

Just when Philip James went back to the  
city, he came with wavering hope to Libbie,  
not asking at once for an answer to his  
love, but trying in a thousand ways to make  
her happy. When he did speak she, know-  
ing his nobleness, which ever in the old  
days she felt exceeded any other, placed her  
hand in his, and promised to walk through  
life at his side.

She was not happy, and she never ex-  
pected to be light-hearted again, but John  
Bertram thought by the strength of his love  
he could win her, and for such a boon he  
could wait years.

They were to be married in the spring,  
and it was now winter. A snowy coverlet  
was flung over the beds of the flowers, and  
the stones and knolls looked like pillows,  
they seemed so soft and dainty. Libbie and  
Dr. Bertram were out riding; the dainty  
cutter, drawn by a coal-black and a milk-  
white horse, flew over the cranching snow,  
and Libbie sat quiet and admired the  
doctor's driving, which was unlike most  
others. No jinking of reins, no uncouth  
words, all was firm and gentle.

"Libbie," said he, "what thoughts does  
the snow suggest to your mind?"

"It makes me think of the summer when  
everything is warm and gay, the flowers all  
in bloom, and one never thinks of the win-  
ter, the present is so joyous," she said,  
dreamily.

"And to me," he said, joyously, "it an-  
ticipates the spring when from out the cold  
earth creep the little blossoms until ripe to  
fruit in the golden summer. Do you re-  
member Miss Malock's sweet poem?"

"Oh, the green things growing, the green  
things growing,  
The fresh, sweet smell of the green things  
growing."

I would like to live, whether I laugh or  
grieve,  
To watch the happy life of the green things  
growing."

Just then they came in sight of a huge  
snow king, the work of the Academy boys.  
The horses took fright and ran plunging and  
snorting. On they ran; people came to the  
windows, but before they could reach the  
door they were out of sight. Libbie sat per-  
fectly quiet, with faith in his power to check  
their speed. The continued strain upon the  
bits was beginning to check their mad fury,  
when the doctor, rising to get a firmer hold  
of the reins, was thrown from the sleigh by  
a sudden lurch.

Libbie was now alone at the mercy of  
those ungovernable horses which ran more  
violently than before. With fear at her  
heart, not knowing whether life or death  
awaited her, she sat still while tumultuous  
thoughts thronged her soul. Oh, for one more  
look into the face of Philip James! then  
death were easier. "Philip, Philip!" she  
cried in the agony of her yearning, and then  
she lay stunned upon the hard snow.

There Doctor Bertram found her, and car-  
ried her home. She was not much injured;  
and though the next day found her pale  
and careworn, her late fright was not the  
cause.

A greater fear had come over her. She  
dared not marry this man, when her last  
thoughts, as she had dreamed them, were of  
another.

To know that when death should come  
and her husband stood at her side, that her  
soul would go out in longing to the one who  
had slighted her love, while not a thought

clung to this man so much nobler and more  
true!

So frankly she spoke her fears to Doctor  
Bertram, and he, feeling their truth, from  
that moment chained with an iron will the  
wild, fluttering bird of love.

When in died, there arose from his ashes  
another, nobler, if less ardent, and John Ber-  
tram knew it was friendship, and treasured  
it as the rarest gift of earth.

Philip James made one in the tide of men  
that swelled and surged in the streets of a  
vast city, going out in the morning, coming  
in at night. Life was growing a trifle wear-  
some to him; and he had begun to study  
the problem which nearly all have tried at  
some period of their lives, but which is still  
unsolved, "whether there is any good thing  
under the sun?"—and then he met Miss  
Chester.

It was at a reception given by a friend,  
and he stood a little way from the crowd  
listlessly gazing about. He stood as if spell-  
bound as he happened to look in the direc-  
tion of his hostess, where, standing by her-  
self, was a lady, who in some indefinable way  
impressed him with a vivid remembrance of  
Libbie. It must be her eyes, he thought,  
they were like the deep, dark orbs that he  
remembered so vividly; but those were set  
in a darker face, for this lady's was clearly  
white and no color bloomed on her cheeks,  
while Libbie's wore the hue of a carnation.

Besides, this lady was taller; and with a sigh  
he relinquished the idea of a resemblance to  
Libbie; though why he should care when he  
had vowed to forget her he never occurred to  
his mind to inquire.

But he sought and obtained an introduc-  
tion to Miss Chester; for apart from the in-  
terest she had awakened by a faded re-  
semblance, she was the most beautiful lady  
in the room. There was a graceful ease in  
her manner and a charm about her conver-  
sation that fascinated Mr. James. She  
seemed pleased with the gentleman, and the  
acquaintance progressed rapidly. In course  
of time Philip James came to congratulate  
himself that the old love was a dream, and  
this gracious lady not indifferent to him.  
She was the only daughter of a wealthy  
merchant, and in every respect worthy, so  
his sister triumphantly said, to bear the  
name of James.

The summer had waned and autumn was  
come with its mellow sunlight, that Hawthorne  
says is "like the breath of life to the  
pomp of autumn." Philip James stood with  
Miss Chester amid the rare plants of her  
father's conservatory, and told the old, old  
story to the fairest flower among them all.

She listened, while a faint flush dyed her  
cheek.

"And you have never loved before? It  
seems as though I could never marry one  
whose heart was haunted by memories of the  
past," she said musingly.

"Why did you say that?" he asked.  
"Must I tell you that once I loved a frivolous  
country girl who lighted my affection, which  
truth bids me say was indeed great. But  
now I have no thought, no wish removed  
from you, and the name of Libbie Brown is to  
me the same as any other. How can the  
memory of that love come between us?"

"It does not," she answered.

As if his words had evoked a ghost of the  
Past, a shrill voice was heard, calling "Lib-  
bath, Libbath," and in stalked Aunt Han-  
nah, a shade thinner perhaps, her hair a  
trifle more gray, but more serene from that  
same, for Time had no power to change her  
stern individuality.

"Here I am; did you want me?" asked  
Miss Chester.

"I did want yer to hold this yarn, but  
seem' as you've got company I ain't in no  
great stew."

"This is Mr. James, Aunt Hannah."

"Lor' sakes, you don't say so!" said she,  
hardly as much surprised as the gentleman  
himself.

"Aunt Hannah only arrived to-day, so I  
have not had the pleasure of introducing  
you before," said Miss Chester.

When they were again alone, she asked:  
"Are you Libbie, or is she your cousin,  
and Mrs. Brown aunt to you both?"

His puzzled look amused her, so that she burst  
into a peal of laughter, the like of which he  
had never heard from Miss Chester's lips  
before. "Libbie Brown!" he exclaimed,  
"that merry laugh betrays you. But, with  
an uncertain manner



LOST AT SEA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY EREN R. REXFORD.

She gathered at the twilight  
Her children at her knee,  
And tells them of their father  
While looking out to sea.  
And tears will start and glisten  
Upon her cheeks, for oh!  
She misses so at twilight  
The step she used to know,  
And the voice so blithe and bonny,  
And the face so frank and free  
Of the gallant sailor husband  
Lost far away at sea.

She cannot help but listen  
To hear his step again,  
Or watch to see his vessel  
Come sailing o'er the main.  
But she knows that he is lying  
Down dead beneath the waves  
In the last and soundest slumber  
That mortal ever craves.  
But she watcheth and she waiteth,  
And tells her children o'er  
Of the gallant sailor father  
Who knows them no more.  
And loatheth out at midnight,  
Although she knows it vain,  
To see if his long-gone vessel  
Has crossed the sea again.

DENE HOLLOW.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF

"EAST LYNNE," &c.

[The advance sheets of this story have been purchased of Mrs. Wood for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

AFTER THE LATER YEARS.

This, as you perceive, is the second part of the story. Years have elapsed since the conclusion of the first; and those children, boys and girls, told of then, have grown into men and women.

There is not very much to relate of the interval. Time has wrought some changes—

as time invariably does. They may be briefly summed up in a few lines. And it may be as well to state that, in spite of the lapse of time, we are still writing of a period very many years back.

Sir Dene Clanwarrior has lost both his sons: John the heir and Reginald the Major. The one died of a neglected cold; the other fell in battle. Pretty Mrs. Clanwarrior, John's widow, is married again, and lives chiefly at her husband's estate in Scotland. Her two sons, Dene and Charles, nice, pleasant young fellows with plenty of money in prospect, and her only children living, are very often staying with their grandfather, Sir Dene; the elder of the two, Dene, being his heir. Their sister, Margaret, had died at Beechhurst Dene only two years ago, under circumstances of a painful nature: Sir Dene, who was very fond of her, has not been quite the same since.

Lady Lydia Clanwarrior is at Beechhurst Dene still. She has never, in fact, been away from it since that autumn night when she arrived to take up her abode. Up to the time her husband died, she was always "going back to India shortly," after his death she had no home even to talk of going to, and no means of setting up one—everybody knows what is the pension of a Major's widow. So she remained at Beechhurst Dene without question as to her leaving it; and her children looked upon it as their home just as surely as though they had a legal right to it. Lady Lydia had really grown useful to Sir Dene, and her tact (she never forgot it again) was such that he valued her, and quite believed the household could not get on without her. Her daughter, Louise, had married early; Jarvis was in the army; Otto was a barrister in Lincoln's Inn.

Tom Clanwarrior had not been got out of the Dene. The fact is worthy of being recorded, considering Lady Lydia's private machinations to accomplish it. Never again had she tried for it openly since that one last great explosion, when Sir Dene had suggested that she and her children should go rather than Tom. Indeed she soon gave up hoping for it, and let the fact alone. But she had successfully managed to put Tom in the background, and keep him there. He was reared as an inferior-born dependent, who must never presume to confound himself with the genuine Clanwarrior family. Sir Dene insensibly fell into the same habit; the neighborhood fell into it. Tom himself fell into it. During his boyhood he was kept away at school as much as possible; in the holidays he met with cold neglect; was made to estrange himself from the drawing-room, and to herd with the servants. It taught him humility. Sir Dene honored and regarded him as his grandson just as much as he did the other boys; in his heart he loved Tom best of all; but nevertheless he tacitly sanctioned Tom's being put in the background. Habit, I say, is strong; and this had grown into the habit at the Dene.

When Tom Clanwarrior grew to manhood, his occupation rendered this isolation from the rest, or semi-isolation, easy of accomplishment. Tom was to the estate very much what his father had been—overlooker. When the lad was driven to seek sources out of doors by the home neglect, he had found them on the land. With Dill the bailiff, riding or walking round; watching for poachers with Simmons the gamekeeper; following the plough to have a chat with the ploughman; sitting in a corner of the barn, eating his bread-and-cheese dinner, while the men threshed the wheat; helping to load the wagon with barley; going to the corn-market at Worcester with Dill; in all places and at all work, Tom was at home. Nothing teaches like practical experience; and there were few better farmers in the county than was Tom Clanwarrior. It had not pleased Sir Dene to give him any profession; perhaps he had all along intended (seeing his aptitude for it) to make him useful on the estate; or perhaps he did not care to send Tom away from him. When Tom left school, Dill was in failing health; and the lad at once took upon himself a portion of his duties, helping him all he

could. It was only natural that on the birthday of his father's death two or three years afterwards, Tom should step in the place. There had been no regular appointment of him by Sir Dene—as had been the case with his father Geoffrey; but Tom was the bailiff to all intents and purposes.

The Lady Lydia, though not cordially approving this, did not actively oppose it. There was no longer any motive for wishing to banish Tom Clanwarrior. He had been effectually put down in the house, and was too insignificant to trouble her; but the idea did dimly cross her mind, she could not tell why or wherefore, that it might be as well for him not to be the overseer of the land. Perhaps she thought it might give him power—a hold on the place. Therefore she advised Sir Dene not to keep Tom at home, but rather give him some calling, profession, or occupation, out in the world. For once Sir Dene did not listen to her. There was nobody so fit to be on the estate as Tom; he said; look how he had been robbed and imposed upon, especially since Dill had been less able to attend to his business; Tom was, so to say, a born farmer as poor Geoff had been; he had got his head on his shoulders the right way, as Geoff had, and would take care of things as he did; who else was there, he firmly put it to my Lady, that was capable of looking after his interests in this way, save Tom.

Who else was there? She put it to herself, and the answer came—none. And yet, instinct did seem to foretell danger in Tom's becoming this permanent fixture. In vain she appealed to her two sons; pointing out that it might be better worth while for one of them to take this post than to toil upwards in their respective professions. Jarvis was simply astonished, somewhat as John the heir had been on a similar appeal once before. Jarvis stroked his black moustache in superstitious incredulity. As an over-looker! As taking upon himself the office of bailiff! He asked his mother whether she had lost her senses. Reginald civilly replied that he knew nothing about land and its management—which was true; and that his tastes and wishes lay in quite a different line of life. So Lady Lydia dropped the point, and Tom went on with his duties unmolested. He had nothing to do with the accounts; Sir Dene had kept those himself for many years.

Thus, with all his business lying out of doors, it will readily be understood how easy it was for Tom's estrangement from the family circle to be taken as a matter of course by Sir Dene. It was often one of convenience or necessity; and he would hastily eat what he wanted in the house-keeper's room and be off again. Except on Sundays, Tom did not much trouble the family; if by chance he dressed himself and went in, he got cold looks and contemptuous silence for his welcome. His business with Sir Dene was transacted in the bay parlour; and the latter would sometimes say, "Can't you manage to be a bit more with 'em, Tom?" Tom never said why he did not. If Lady Lydia or her eldest son met Tom out on the land, they passed him with the indifference they would have accorded to any of the men. As to Tom himself, he had grown up to be just what his childhood promised. Truthful, honorable, upright, generous; of singularly modest and pleasing manners, patient-natured, sweet-tempered, altogether of sterling worth and goodness. Mr. Owen had lived long enough to do her work efficiently, and to see the excellent seed she had sown strike firm root in his mind and heart.

Harebell Farm had had another master for some years now. Mrs. Owen lay by her husband in Harebell churchyard (though, if popular gossip might be believed, he did not lie quietly, even yet), and William Owen had migrated into Dorsetshire. Philip Tillett occupied Harebell Farm. It was well known that Randy Black's vexation was excessive when he found the farm had been deeded privately to Mr. Tillett. Some friend of Black's, with a good amount of money and apparently a respectable character, had been looking out for it—for the fact that Owen entertained thoughts of leaving had coaxed out—and Black openly said it was a mean trick Sir Dene had served the public. However, the "trick" was one that nobody had power to undo. Mr. Tillett went into the farm, and told Black to his face that if he saw Robert Owen's ghost every night of his life it would not drive him off it again. Nevertheless, in spite of his brave assertion, it was observed that Mr. Tillett did not put himself much in the way of the grove of trees by the two-acre meadow after dark, which that supernatural figure with the silver beard was wont to haunt; the moonlight. Not that there was any authentic or recorded history of its having been seen for some few years past now. And that is enough of retrospection.

It was a green Christmas; bright, lovely, almost as warm as spring; and as the congregation turned out of Harebell church, they consulted each other as to the weather as much as on the festive day. Everybody had walked to church; there was no necessity to bring out carriages on such a day as this.

Everybody, except one; Sir Dene Clanwarrior. Hale as of old, though his years had long passed those allotted as the age of man, he had a weakness in his limbs that rendered much walking, or exertion of any kind, difficult. As he stepped from his pew, allowing most of the congregation to depart first, Lady Lydia held out her arm, and he took it. She counted more than fifty years now; but she was tall and meagre as ever, looking the scarecrow she always did, her face worn and sharp, her small black eyes grievously restless. But that it was very much the natural expression of her face, one might have said some inward torment troubled her. Sir Dene's pew had been full that day, for all his grandchildren had come to the Dene for Christmas. They might be seen, most of them, wandering their way homewards beyond the churchyard.

Close by the waiting pony carriage, stood a young, slender, gentlemanly man. His fair, fresh Baxon face, with its fine frank features and good-natured, deep blue eyes, was something strangely pleasant. Those who were old enough to remember Geoffrey Clanwarrior could never need to ask who it was, the likeness was so great. He had waited, he so tall and strong, to assist his grandfather into the carriage and drive him home—as he had driven him in coming. But Lady Lydia turned about impatiently, looking for some one else to do it.

"Take care, Tom. The other leg up."

"Shall I drive you, sir?" asked Tom, when he had carefully placed him in; for, reared in the habits of complete submission, he never presumed to put himself forward even to do a service, without first asking leave.

"Aye, do; my hands are cold."

Lady Lydia interposed. She pushed Tom aside; not rudely, but with cool, indifferent hauteur, and stepped in herself. He did not appear in the least resentful; he had been used to nothing but this contemptuous indifference always; and he arranged her position under the warm rug with as much assiduous attention to her comfort as he had evinced for that of Sir Dene.

"I was not aware you intended to go with Sir Dene yourself, Lady Lydia," he remarked, his tone one of courteous apology.

"There, that will do," she said, cutting him short. "Give me the reins."

"No," spoke Sir Dene; who retained all his detestation of being driven by a woman; and who would rather have had his grandson by his side than her. "Give them to me, Tom. I shall drive, myself, Lydia."

With a flourish of the whip and a cheery bow to the villagers and peasantry who had stayed to watch the departure, Sir Dene drove on Tom lifting his hat to Lady Lydia with as happy a smile as ever met on man's face yet. Do not mistake him, or think this courtesy to her put on—as in truth it well might have been, considering all things; but the frank sweetness of Tom Clanwarrior's nature was such, that he had genuinely kind looks even for her. Sir Dene's progress was not a quick one: many acquaintances were waiting for a word or a hand-shake, and the pony was pulled up continually. Tom's long legs soon got ahead of it; and he overtook two ladies: mother and daughter, as might be seen by the likeness: nice-looking women with pretty features and complexions of delicate bloom; but the young lady's face was pleasanter in expression than her mother's.

"Mrs. Arde, I wish you a merry Christmas."

Mrs. Arde turned at the greeting. "Is it you, Tom Clanwarrior? Thank you. I wish you the same."

Her tone was not a cordial one. The best that could be said of it was that it was coldly civil. Liking Tom in her heart as much as ever, a certain thought had startled her lately, and caused her to treat him very distantly; it might have been supposed that she was taking a lesson out of the Lady Lydia Clanwarrior's book. Miss Arde did not speak to Tom at all; but as she glanced up shyly there shone a smile of welcome in her rich brown eyes, and the rose-bloom deepened to carnation on her dimpled cheeks.

Tom just touched her hand. "And a very merry Christmas to you, May," he said in a low tone.

The little carriage came rattling up. "What has taken Arde that he was not at church to-day?" called out Sir Dene, as he checked the pony.

Mrs. Arde went round to the baronet's side. "Oh, Sir Dene, I am sorry to say that he is ill. It is one of his bilious attacks. We left him in bed."

"In bed!" echoed Sir Dene. "That won't do at all, you know, Mrs. Arde. We dine at five sharp. He must not fail us."

"I hope not. He expects to be better by that time."

Lady Lydia's keen glances were taking in everything—as they had a habit of doing. Tom Clanwarrior was talking to Miss Arde; and she noted that the young lady's eyes were cast down as she listened, that her face was flushed to a beautiful crimson. My lady drew in her thin lips; she did not like the signs any more than did Mrs. Arde. But at this moment there came up one from the opposite direction, one who would always direct the groom on Lady Lydia's face—her eldest and best-beloved son.

Two paces never were more alike than Jarvis Clanwarrior and his mother: not a bit of the Clanwarrior was there about him in looks. Tall, lean, dark, he had the same thin compressed lips as hers, the shifty black eyes. His black moustache was fierce, even for a soldier, very fierce indeed for one of those when such an adornment was uncommon, and he had altogether a worn, dispirited air. But Captain Clanwarrior was popular with his friends and the world. A serious attack of illness had entailed a long leave of absence to recruit health, and he passed his time agreeably between London and Beechhurst Dene.

"Jarvis," began Sir Dene, the tone a peremptory one, "why were you not at church to-day?"

"I overslept myself, sir."

"Overslept yourself! Well, I don't know. I asked after you half an hour before I came out, and Gander told me you were up, and letter writing in your room. I choose that everybody about me shall attend church on Christmas Day. I thought you knew that."

Jarvis Clanwarrior slowly raised his hat in response, by way of cutting short the discussion. A keen observer—which Sir Dene was not, and never had been—might have detected some covert scorn in the action. With a hearty adieu to the ladies, and telling them not to be late for dinner, Sir Dene drove on.

One little incident may be mentioned of the drive home. At the turning to the road, Dene Hollow, Sir Dene drew the right rein, and kept the pony on the straight road—the old, long round. "Oh pray don't go that way, Sir Dene!" interposed Lady Lydia with frigid haste, "I want to get home. Take Dene Hollow."

A shade of annoyance crossed Sir Dene's face; but he complied, and let the pony take the way he had wished to avoid. Slowly he drove now, at a snail's pace; gentle though the ascent was, Sir Dene Clanwarrior had grown to dread Dene Hollow.

Meanwhile Jarvis and Tom Clanwarrior continued to walk along with Mrs. and Miss Arde. In a line at first; but as they turned off or to the narrow path, the nearest way to Arde Hall, they had to separate: Mrs. Arde in front with Captain Clanwarrior, Tom and May behind. The Lady Lydia, bowing on in the direction of Beechhurst Dene, mentally saw the position as surely as Mrs. Arde saw it. It did not continue long; at the entrance to the enclosed grove belonging to the Hall, the ladies wished the young men good-morning, and the latter went on.

Walking in silence, Captain Clanwarrior never wasted superfluous words on Tom the scapegrat; Jarvis was twenty-seven now—Tom twenty-four. Tom's intelligent eye was noting all points as they walked with the quiet air of one who knows every inch of the land. The officer looked out straight before him, seeing nothing; buried in thought was he, and not pleasant thought. Then they came in view of the rural lodge where Tom was born, and Maria, his pretty mother, had died. Simmons the gamekeeper lived in it now. Jarvis pointed to it with a wave of his hand.

"Go across and tell Simmons I shall want him to go out with me to-morrow-morning. And to mind that he brings my own gun this time."

There was superfluous command in every tone of the voice, in every gesture of the raised hand. Tom Clanwarrior turned off with the obedience of a child; he had been made to know that Jarvis and Otto were as his masters. Half way through the trunk of the bare tree, a thought crossed him to halt.

"To-morrow morning, Jarvis?"

"I said to-morrow morning. Can't you hear?"

"But to-morrow will be Sunday!"

"Well?"

"Sir Dene would not like it. Only think if he heard the guns!"

"I want some of your remarks, Tom Clanwarrior. Do as you are told."

And Tom went to do it.

Lady Lydia Clanwarrior, her bonnet and shawl thrown off, met her son in the hall when he entered. Clutching at his arm, as one who is in anger or pain, she drew him to the fire—a large bright fire of wood played in the hearth of the hall. Standing there, ostensibly warming her hands before going in to luncheon, she spoke to him eagerly and impressively; but so quietly that Gander, who happened to pass, never saw that her lips moved.

"Every hour of your existence you vex me, Jarvis! Why are you not more cautious? You fly in the face of Sir Dene's prejudices in the most foolish, reckless manner possible. To think that you should have stayed away from church!"

A man, worried as I am, has no fancy for church or for anything else," returned Captain Clanwarrior in a half-indifferent, half-sullen tone—whether I study them or whether I don't, it seems to come to the same thing: no money. Have you asked him again?"

"It's not likely. Where I to enter upon business matters to-day, he would only stop me. Jarvis, indeed I don't think I shall be able to get it. I have had so much money from him for you, that I am driven to my very wit's end to invent excuses for its use. I can't say it's for Louise this time, because she's best and he might question her himself; neither can I say it is for Otto, for the same reason. In these scarce times that Otto pays as, I am kept in a state of chronic terror, lest the old man should speak to him and cleave that he know a nothing of the sums of money he is supposed to have drawn. Otto was always so inconveniently truthful, you know."

"He is a close, steady-going muff. I know that."

"Try Dene again."

"No good, mother. He told me yesterday I had bled him once too often; and meant it too. The goose is killed in that quarter."

"Well, Jarvis, I only speak the truth when I tell you that I believe it will not be possible for me to get you this money that you want. Sir Dene suspects, I think. He is not so cordial with you as he used to be—and you do nothing especially to conciliate him. Why where you not at hand to drive him to church and back?"

"Because I didn't go myself," was the cool rejoinder. "I must have the money; I cannot do without it. It would bring rain and doubt run."

There was a pause. Captain Clanwarrior lifted his shapely boot—in dress he was one of the greatest dandies going—and pushed a falling log on to the blazing hearth. His mother thought what a handsome leg and foot it was.

"Why don't you make better play with May Arde, Jarvis?"

"Why don't I? You must ask that question of myself, my lady. She is a vast deal more inclined to make play with a goat than she is with me. I suspected it when I was down here last."

"Ridiculous!" replied Lady Lydia, her tone one of passionate irritation. "That is perfectly absurd, Jarvis; and you know it. He made with May Arde! The very idea is an outrage on social decency."

"I know that she likes him. And that she does not like me."

"Don't talk so loud. I tell you you might as well accuse her of a liking for her father's bailiff as for Tom Clanwarrior. What else is he but a bailiff? You—what did you say, Jones?" broke off Lady Lydia, as a servant came out of the dining-room, and spoke.

"Luncheon is waiting, my lady; and Sir Dene is asking for you."

Lady Lydia gave a final rub to her hands over the blaze, and went into the dining-room. But when the man said "Luncheon is waiting," he used a figure of speech. Sir Dene had waited luncheon for anybody, and he had nearly finished now. It was only simple fare: they had breakfasted at nine and would dine at five. The table appeared to be crowded, but Lady Lydia's place at its head was left vacant. Dene the heir sat at it and his brother Charles, pleasant-looking slight young fellows, hardly out of their teens. Otto was there; a dark, short man of twenty-six, steadily looking enough though his hair was white, as on his head out of court as well as in it. Louise, the wife of Colonel Letam, and her three little ones, Sir Dene's great-grandchildren, completed the party. Captain Clanwarrior looked out for a seat.

"You young ones must sit closer together," remarked Lady Lydia in rather a cross tone, for she could not bear that her favorite son should be put out in the very smallest degree. They might have taken their luncheon up stairs, Louise; they are going to dine with us. Make room for your Uncle Jarvis."

"You can have my seat, Jarvis," interposed Sir Dene, rising, and catching up his stick to leave the room. As Jarvis sat down, ill-humored as usual, he said something about hoping the dinner-table would not be as crowded, for it was possible one or two of his friends might be dropping in.

"The dinner-table is always large enough when we know how many are to be at it," said Lady Lydia. "Of course it will be full to-day. In case of an unexpected guest arriving late, Tom Clanwarrior must eat his dinner below."

"I'll be shot if he shall!" exclaimed young Dene with all the authority of the baronet's heir. "It is Christmas Day, Aunt Lydia, and Tom shall have his place at table for once as well as the rest of us. It's not often he gets it."

Lady Lydia, cutting a piece of cake, cut it so sharply that the plate nearly came in two. Dene began again; he and Charles both liked Tom.

"No. If Tom's place at table is filled up to-day, he shall have mine. It would never do for him to be absent. What would May Arde say?"

Dene threw out this little shaft mischievously; he had his suspicions of May's things, and privately hoped that Tom would in some magical manner get May, rather

than cross-grained Vargen. My lady's green cheek turned a shade greener; and in a positive fact that in moments of annoyance her pale, puffy complexion took a tinge of green. At this juncture, in came Tom.

Nobody moved, nobody made room for him. Dene began ordering the children to sit closer, "two of you on a chair," but Tom settled the matter by lifting one of them, taking the chair himself, and putting the child on his knee. Social, cordial, ever sweet-tempered, it was impossible for children to help loving Tom Clanwarrior; and the little thing laughed in glee, and put her fat hand up to stroke the smiling Baxon nose.

"Did you see Simmons—and give him my message?" demanded Captain Clanwarrior of Tom, without the superfluous courtesy of looking at him.

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"I'll tell you by-and-by, Jarvis."

CHAPTER II.

SIR DENE'S REPENTANCE.

Sir Dene Clanwarrior passed a good deal of his time now in his chamber, or in the small sitting-room near it. He was a different man from what he used to be, since he had been unable to take long walks in the open air, but was confined much of necessity to his chair or sofa, there was less of open, easy indifference in his manner, more of silent care. Advancing years and infirmities brought various thoughts in their train; and events had helped it on.

Strange though it may seem to have to say it, stranger still to believe it, but it is nevertheless true, a great remorse, repentance, grief—well it what you will—had come on Sir Dene Clanwarrior. And for what? For having made the road, Dene Hollow. In the lapse of years that we have sketched, and of which no record has been taken, accidents had continued to occur occasionally; and cautious people preferred to go the old round way, rather than use it. But, in all the misadventures that had taken place there, only one had been fatal; and that was to the grand-daughter Sir Dene so fondly loved—Margaret Clanwarrior. A conviction seized him upon him that the death of this fair young girl was nothing more than a retribution on himself, sent direct from heaven.

Sir Dene had surely sent the Widow Barber to her grave earlier than she would have gone; he had grown to see the fact clearly, and it came home to him in these later years with a great remorse. He never spoke of it; but the shadow of it lay on his mind always—just as the other shadow was said to lie at times on the unlucky road. The poor widow was more often in his mental eye than would have liked to confess; not as he had first known her, the hale, red-cheeked little woman stirring actively amidst her mill-pans with her more than seventy years on her back; but as he had happened to meet her a few days before she died: hollow of face, and of eyes, wasted to a shadow. Sir Dene remembered that he had turned to look after her in some doubt, debating whether that worn woman could be Mrs. Barber.

Reverend forward from his arm-chair in the room above, on this Christmas afternoon, his hands clasped on the top of his stick, his line cast off and a loose one on, sat Sir Dene, thinking of this; and of some other things that annoyed him, but in a low degree. Lady Lydia came in to disturb him. Lady Lydia was wont to boast, in a quiet way, of her influence over Sir Dene—that she could "turn him round her little finger." In truth he yielded very much to her sway, for he had contentment and loved to be at ease more than ever. The wish to get Tom Clanwarrior away from the Dene, which had lain in abeyance for so many years, had sprung up anew of late in my lady's heart; the interests of her dear son, Jarvis, were rendering Tom's absence from the place, as she believed imperatively necessary. Jarvis must secure May Arde and her twenty thousand pounds to get him out of his terrible embarrassments; and she would do for Tom to stand in the way. There was no fear of Tom's marrying Miss Arde; their relative positions forbade that; but Tom was a remarkably good-looking young fellow (though it went against the grain for my lady to acknowledge, even mentally, that fact), and he and the young lady seemed to be on the best of terms. If she got a fancy into her head that she liked Tom, she might—why yes she might—reject Jarvis! To guard against this, Dene must quit the neighborhood; and so continue to see more of May while he stayed in it; for more he could be helped. Turning these things about in her mind, Lady Lydia quite determined, as a preliminary, that Tom should not sit down to the Christmas dinner-table that evening when May would be present. At least, if any clever scheming of her own could prevent it.

Stirring Sir Dene's fire into a blaze, she took a chair opposite him, and began talking of a subject that was sure to excite his Dene-like-pouching and pombers. There had been more trouble from that cause on the estate this winter than was ever known before. Night after night these marauders came about in the most audacious manner; and with impunity, for they had never once been caught. Randy Black was suspected to be the ringleader; and Sir Dene had gone the length of causing the Trailing Indigo to be searched; but no game was found. In talking of it now, Sir Dene, as usual, grew excited, and said this should be done, and the other should be done; my lady agreeing in all, and suggesting measures on her own score. Thus the afternoon wore away.

After luncheon, Captain Clanwarrior had gone out somewhere, returning home about half past four o'clock. Tom Clanwarrior was standing by the hall fire when he came in, and took the opportunity of telling him that Simmons refused to attend him on the morrow.

"What the devil do you mean?—or does he mean?" demanded the captain.

"What he said to me was this: That he'd not go out shooting on a Sunday for anybody, neither would Sir Dene allow him. You cannot expect the man to do it, Jarvis," added Tom in a tone of reason. "Putting other considerations aside, it would never do for the guns to be heard in our woods on a Sunday."

Jarvis swore a little—at Tom for his gratuitous opinion, and at things in general. Saying that he would soon teach Simmons what it was to disobey him, he strode off with a furious step; and just then, down came my Lady Lydia from Sir Dene's room. Advancing to Tom, she told him that it was Sir Dene's pleasure that he and the gamekeeper should be on the watch that night in the oak copse.

Tom Clanwarrior verily thought she must be saying it for a joke. Gander had not



lighted up; and as he scanned her face by the light of the fire, he enquired whether she was not mistaken.

"Not in the least," she decisively replied. "Something has come to Sir Dene's knowledge about the poncher's having laid fresh gins and snares in the oak coppie; it has put him out more than anything else. This evening, when all the world are supposed to be indoors, making merry, will be their opportunity, he says; and you and I must be to go at once on the watch. With the best back you can make, starting now, you and he will not get to the oak coppie too early. There's not a minute to be lost."

"But Sir Dene does not wish me to go now—before dinner!" cried Tom, wondering more and more. For Sir Dene was a man who not only liked to enjoy his Christmas dinner heartily himself, but chose that all about him should enjoy it.

"Sir Dene wishes you and expects you to go at once," was the emphatic rejoinder. "It has not come to the pass yet, I hope, of your disobeying him."

"I have never disobeyed him yet, Lady Lydia; or wished to do it," was the young man's answer, as he turned to the staircase. "I am ready to obey his wishes, now and always."

My lady stopped him with a peremptory question. "What do you want upstairs?"

"To change my coat," he answered. He glanced at Tom's superior clothes, that sat so well on his graceful figure; and mentally allowed with a grunt that they were not quite the things to go a watching in.

"Take care that you do not disturb Sir Dene," she crossly said. "He is trying to get a little nap before dinner."

Tom nodded, as he lightly up. But just as he was passing his grandfather's door, the baronet opened it, and saw him.

"Is that you, Tom? What's the time?" it was about twenty minutes of five, sir.

"Is it so late as that? Come in and help me to get my coat on. We shall have Arde here. I begin to think sometimes, Tom," added the old man as they crossed the sitting-room to his bed-chamber, "that I shall be reduced to the effeminacy of taking a valet in my old age. My legs and arms won't serve me much longer."

"Make a valet of me, sir. You might let me help you more than I do."

"I don't like to give it to you; that's it. I have waited on myself all my life. Sit down at the fire while I wash my hands; you can put the water out for me. You are ready yourself, I see."

"Ready for what, sir?" asked the young man, not quite understanding.

"Ready for what?—Why, for dinner."

"But I—I can't dine to-day, sir," said Tom impulsively.

Sir Dene took his hands out of the water, and turned round to stare at Tom.

"Why can't you dine?"

"There's no time, sir. I am going on the watch with Simmonds at once."

"What for? Where to?"

"The oak coppie. As you desire."

"Going on the watch with Simmonds?" repeated the baronet, a great wonder on his face old face. "On the watch on a Christmas night! No, no, my boy; nobody belonging to me does that. What put such a thing in your head?"

"Lady Lydia has just told me—"

Tom Clavering stopped. He was a true gentleman at heart; ay, and a true Christian, too, though some in the world, reading this, may laugh at it. Not even in this case, barefaced though he at once saw it was, would he take his own part at the expense of others. But Sir Dene was looking at him, and he resumed.

"That is, I understood Lady Lydia to say you wished me to go with Simmonds this evening. Perhaps she misunderstood."

"You must have misunderstood between you. Send my people on the watch on a Christmas night!" reiterated Sir Dene. "I'm not a heather."

"Lady Lydia talks of fresh gins in the oak coppie. What have you heard?"

"What I've heard will keep, Tom. She ought not to have begun about it to-day; she knows it is a subject that worries me. She heard it. I didn't. Jarvis picked it up somewhere out of doors, she says. Any way, it must be left alone till Monday. There; let it drop. See if you can give my hair a brush. I think I must have got a touch of rheumatism in this arm, Tom; it's painful since morning. The driving home from church did me no good. Prior, he talks of strained muscles—but I fancy it's rheumatism."

Tom had brushed the white hair and helped on the coat, when there came a smart knock at the door, and Lady Lydia entered. Sir Dene at once began about the misunderstanding, telling her she ought to have known better than to suppose he should allow any of his people, whether grandchildren or retainers, to go out on the cold watch on a Christmas night.

Tom Clavering quitted the room; of no use now to wait to assist his grandfather down stairs; my lady took care that Tom should never assist him in any way, when she could help it. Scarcely had he gained the hall when he heard himself called to. My lady was following him; her face white as a sheet, and really her harsh voice was often very like a hiss. "You! a dependent, a servant, for that's what you are—your presence to interfere and try to set aside my orders—and Sir Dene's!"

"You are mistaken, Lady Lydia. I did not intentionally."

"Be silent, sir; I will hear no lying excuses from you. As you are afraid of a little cold for yourself and Simmonds, you can go and share his hearth with him this evening. You don't dine in my presence, one of us must be absent from the table; you or I."

"Very well, Lady Lydia. I will not intrude upon you."

He went straight out at the front door. Really with no purpose of intention, but in the minute's vexation. Generous-tempered though he was, he was not insensible as he had been trained to be, he could feel anger at times when the oppression or injustice was unusually great. And May Arde would be at the table that was thrust from!

Would she! A few paces from the door he encountered a footman. Tom recognized him, to the evening's darkness, for one of the servants at the Hall.

"What is it, Mark?"

"My mistress has sent me up with this note, sir. The Squire's quite unable to come out this evening. They are very sorry it should have happened so."

"Are none of them coming? Not Mrs. or Miss Arde?"

"No, sir; they intend to dine quietly at home, was the man's reply, as he went on with the note.

"I'll go and ask them to give me some dinner," quoth Tom to himself, his blue eyes brightening with an amused smile, his heart giving a great leap in its happiness. "All happens for the best."

Whether the love that existed between Tom Clavering and May Arde—for it's of no use to disguise this ill-omened fact any longer—would have sprung up had they been always on the original terms of intimacy, cannot be told. Perhaps not; the liking for each other may have continued to be more like that of fond brother and sister. Not that Miss May had ever pretended to be fond of Tom; she had teased him and tortured him and tutored him at will, like the capricious little dame that she was. When May was growing up, Mrs. Arde had a serious illness, and the doctors ordered her abroad. She went with her husband and daughter, and they were away nearly three years. Three years will make great changes, you know, in people's looks as well as in other things. Tom was three-and-twenty when they met again as strangers; May turned nineteen; she saw a most attractive man, tall and strong and noble; he saw a modest modest young lady with a shy and sweet face. That first interview sealed their fate: from that time they were as passionately in love with each other as ever man and woman can be in this world—and that's saying something. Next a word of it had been spoken by either: Tom Clavering, remembering his position, was of too honorable a nature for that; but each knew quite well how it was with the other. There was about as much chance that Tom, poor and unprotected, would be allowed to win her, as there was that he might win the moon. Each was contented to leave the future to itself: as long as they met daily, or almost daily, the present had bliss enough. And so, this last year, when May's return, things had gone on quietly and happily. That they would not continue so to go on much longer, certain signs were telling. Matters seemed to be approaching a crisis in more ways than one. Captain Jarvis Clavering was getting into deep water—was in it, indeed—and there appeared to be no way of extricating him but by some grand coup-de-main; such as expounding a wealthy heiress. The heiress was at hand, and a very charming and lovable heiress too; and Captain Clavering made no secret of his visits to Beechhurst Dene on her account. But there was one curious fact—he did not seem to make much way with her. To Lady Lydia this had been utterly unaccountable until quite recently—when the horrible fear had suddenly suggested itself that May loved the scapegoat—the name he had gone by amidst them for years—the miserable, despised dependent, Tom Clavering. Somehow Mrs. Arde was catching up the same fear: possibly it had been excitedly awakened by Lady Lydia, for we rarely see these things for ourselves. Mrs. Arde was not at all sure about it. She thought it next door to impossible that May could be so much of an idiot.

Tom, laughing outright at the turn affairs had taken that evening, walked on to the Hall. He knew quite well, if nobody else did, that May's motive for banishing him from the dinner-table was because Miss Arde was to be at it. But, for once in a rare way, Tom had won and my lady lost. Tom knew that the persecution, renewed of late, the under current of effort that was at work again to drive him entirely from Beechhurst Dene, arose from my lady's fear that he was standing in the way of Jarvis. He could afford to laugh, he thought; whatever the result might be as to himself, he felt assured that May would never have anything on that head to say to Jarvis Clavering.

When Mr. Arde had found in the afternoon that he grew no better, a dinner was hastily prepared at home; his wife and daughter declining to leave him. He had these blinding attacks often, and would look as pale as a guinea while they lasted, which was sometimes three days. Mrs. Arde wrote the note to Beechhurst Dene, and sent to ask the Miss Dickenes to come in and dine at the Hall; two middle-aged neighbors, cheerful and talkative; who were made all the more because they had lost the greater part of their fortune. The party was in the act of sitting down to this dinner, Mr. Arde included, when Tom walked in. Every one looked surprised to see him; May blushed scarlet.

"Will you give me some dinner, sir?"

"If you want it," returned the Squire. "And welcome. Anything the matter at the Dene?"

"I have offended Lady Lydia—no unusual thing, you know, sir—and she forbids me to sit down with them. I thought—as it was Christmas Day—perhaps you and Mrs. Arde would take me in."

He spoke in a half-jesting, half-serious tone. The servant put a chair for him next May; the Miss Dickenes sitting opposite in the warmth of the fire. The Squire's spirits went up; Tom's good-looking face and kindly nature seemed to impart a new element of cheerfulness to them all. George Arde had always liked him from the time he held the little unconscious infant in his arms by the bed where his mother was lying cold and dead, and poor Geoffrey sat in a chair against the wall sobbing. The Squire, who had only come into the dining-room to carve, protesting he could not touch a bit, ventured on a morsel of turkey. It tasted so good that he took a larger piece, and then another, and another. His aching head seemed to grow better as it ate, and he soon felt as well as ever he had in his life. These impromptu meetings are often more gay than premeditated ones. Have you ever observed this? It was the case here. You remember the remark of the good old Vicar of Wakefield in reference to their last-recorded merry meeting: "I don't know whether we had more wit amongst us than usual, but we had certainly more laughter." The laughter at the Squire's table that night might have been heard half way to Highbury. Every countenance was happy, every heart at rest; even Mrs. Arde forgot her semi-doubts, and yielded to the genial and happy influence of the moment. It was one of the merriest Christmas eves spent that day within the three kingdoms: an evening to be recalled with a thrill; an hour that would stand in the memory as one of unalloyed pleasure, amid the stern realities, the dull cares of later years.

"What was the matter at home this time?" asked Mary of Tom confidentially, when they had a moment to themselves at the end of the drawing-room. "Did my lady really forbid your sitting down to table?"

"She said that either she or I must be away from it. Of course it left me no choice, May."

"But why?"

"Well, the ostensible reason was that I had carried tales to my grandfather—which of course I had not. The real reason was, that she did not want me to be at dinner."

"But why?" again questioned Mary.

"Well, she—she had her own reasons, I conclude," was Tom's not very satisfactory answer, a smile playing about his mouth.

Did Mary guess at the reason? Faintly perhaps. Her face was a hot blush.

"Tom," she softly said, glancing up through the shade of the long brown eyelashes, "I can't bear Lady Lydia."

"Now, May, that's what I call ingratitude," was his laughing answer. "She says she adores you."

"Does she! But, Tom, if I were you I'd not really quarrel with her. She might send you away. I know she's trying for it."

"I know it myself. Sometimes I think she'll do it."

"Would you like to go?"

"Well—no. I'd rather stay where I am. On account of my good old grandfather."

Had it been to save his life he could not have helped the expression that momentarily escaped his blue eyes, meeting hers. It quite plainly said that there was some one else who would like to stay for. Mary's heart fluttered fifty ways in its sense of happiness.

"What are you thinking of, child?" asked Mr. Arde of his daughter, when their guests had departed, and he was lighting his bed candles.

For Mary seemed buried in a profound reverie. She woke out of it with a start at the question.

"Papa, I was thinking how very happy we have been to-night. I was wondering if anything could ever look cloudier again."

Meanwhile the dinner and evening had progressed at Beechhurst Dene. Not so merrily. Sir Dene was out of sorts; the children were troublesome, allowed to take up nearly all the attention—a very mistaken and unpleasant thing at all times to everybody except themselves and their nurse. They were half through dinner before Sir Dene noticed the absence of his favorite grandson. Ay, and in his heart he was the favorite, little as my lady or any one else might suspect it.

"Where's Tom?" he exclaimed.

No answer. He repeated the question loudly and sharply. Lady Lydia could no longer affect not to hear.

"Oh, Tom?—He has gone over to Simmonds, I believe," she carelessly said.

Sir Dene laid down his knife and fork. "To Simmonds!" he repeated, every feature of his still fine countenance hardening to stern expression. "What has taken him there on Christmas night?"

"His low tastes, I conclude," was her hardly reply. "He has that kind of taste for such company, you know, Sir Dene."

"If he has, my lady, it is thanks to you, for it was you who first drove him out to frequent it," was Sir Dene's retort. But nevertheless he felt bitterly vexed at Tom, for absenting himself from dinner on Christmas Day.

Nothing more was said then. In the drawing-room Lady Lydia took occasion to speak a few words in Sir Dene's ear. She intimated that it was Tom who had wanted to go and watch in the oak coppie; that he was disappointed at not spending the home with Simmonds, whose company he preferred, and so had gone off to do it at his home. Sir Dene, angry and vexed, went to bed in the belief. He was not feeling well that evening, and disappeared ever before the children.

A slight incident occurred to Tom Clavering as he came home, which may as well be mentioned. First, Lord clock was striking eleven when he turned in at the Dene gates: the air was clear though not cold enough for what is called reasonable Christmas weather, and the sound of the strokes came up distinctly in Tom's ear. Rather to his surprise, as he neared the house, he saw a gig standing before the front door. One of their own grooms was in it, apparently asleep.

"What's this gig here for, James?" he asked of the man.

"It belongs to two gents as come over from Ouse," he said then, sir, replied the groom, waking up. "Friends of the captain's." Gander says. "And don't I wish they come out," he added, partly to himself.

"Stuck in this gig for an hour or two's spell, bat's the work for a Christmas night."

"When all the rest are making themselves comfortable," said Tom, with good-humor.

"That's it, sir," returned the groom, intensely aggravated. "There they be, a roomful of 'em, men and maid, a-drinking hot punch round the fire; and I Gander a-telling of 'em stories about 'em."

The picture of comfort was so vivid that Tom would not disturb it. Intensely considerate of others, both by nature and because he had been trained to be, was Tom Clavering. Instead of ringing a peal on the hall bell, that must have brought forth Gander or one of the others, he turned to go round to the back door, which was never fastened until the last thing. He was just emerging from the privet-walk, the door in view, when a tall young person, showing a forehead of light curls under her bonnet, came in his way. It was Miss Emma Gander, whom we have not met since she was a child.

"Why, Emma!" exclaimed Tom. "Is it you? Do you want anything?"

"Hush, please!" she said, sinking her voice to a whisper. "I was only waiting to—"

—to speak to one of the servants, Mr. Tom."

"Which of them is it?" he asked, immediately dropping his voice to assimilate with her tones. "Hush! I call—"

"No, I don't want you to call nobody," she quickly interrupted, as if the proposition startled her. "Go on your way and take no notice on me please, Mr. Tom. If he comes out, I shall see him; if he don't, I shall just run back home without it."

The sound of the whispering penetrated to the grove of trees (bare now) at a few paces distance; and Dene Clavering and his cousin Otto, strolling about to smoke, looked out to see who might be thus covertly talking. Emma Gander drew back behind the privet hedge to hide herself; Tom went on to the drawing-room.

Jarvis, his two friends, and Lady Lydia were at what when Tom entered, looking— they could but notice it—rather particularly radiant.

"Hope you have enjoyed your evening with Simmonds!" sarcastically spoke Mrs. Letsom. Like Sir Dene, she had thought it very bad taste, even to Tom, to abandon the home party.

"With Simmonds!" cried Tom, in surprise. "I have not been with Simmonds, Mrs. Letsom."

"Not! Well! I thought it curious that you should go there on a Christmas night," she rejoined. "Where have you been, then, Tom?"

"Dining at the Hall."

"Where? What?" sharply asked Lady Lydia, in a kind of shrill scream.

"I have been dining with the Ardes, Lady Lydia. A right merry evening we've had. The Miss Dickenes were there."

Grave as a judge was his face as he told it; never a ghost of a smile did it wear, to betray that he knew what the announcement must be to her. She made no answer; only his quivering lips. The captain threw down his cards as if something stung him, and his eyes were an evil look as he turned them full on Tom Clavering.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## HOW THEY DO IT.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Where there is so much smoke there must be some fire."

The speaker was a large masculine-looking woman, who had just been regaling the unwilling ears of a neighbor with some village gossip about a young girl barn and brought up in their midst; and the quotation was called forth by the declared purpose of her more charitable neighbor, never to believe harm of others, and especially of her own sex, from mere village gossip.

And of all the dull old saws, made to do the dirty work of evil minded, would-be-wise-acres, it seems to me that this is one of the most detestable; for from the very reason that the statement is literally true, is the application the more dangerous—a fact well known, by-the-way, to those cartoon bipeds who feed on scandal; indeed, they are altogether too sharp to make a statement that is absolutely false; their bump of caution is too largely developed for that. But, when they have fixed upon a victim, some jolly, sunny creature, usually, whom, true to their mean nature, they will finally stand off or off, with curious, uncomplaining gaze, and folded hands, crying, "Live it down."

Right here comes in the cue for the philanthropic portion of this precious crew. With a smothered, plausible voice they express polite commiseration, at the same time that they are actually beholding the poor victim, by giving her the cut direct in public, and patronizing coolness in private; all with the air of a martyr, as much as to say: "Be-hold, ye, my righteous ones! While my justice condemns, mercy still constrains me to pity."

One favorite expression of these people, I have heard repeated many times; and it never fails to arouse my indignation as it did the first time. It was in the house of God, and as the congregation were passing down the aisle, after the benediction had been pronounced upon all (as we forgot to say), and the words were addressed by one aristocrat to another, and the glance accompanying them sufficiently pointed the remark.

"I hate to forgive anybody," she said, glancing toward a meek, intellectual face which had just lighted up with a smile, preparing to recognize her former acquaintance, only to have that light instantly extinguished by the cold, unfamiliar stare she received in return.

Yes, you hate to forgive anybody, and yet you speak in a tone anything but regretful. And why do you forget her? What has she done? Let me tell you. She has tried to act on herself her *hater* self; to let her soul expand in the broad sunlight of a generous growth; she has sought to train her moral and mental nature in spite of conservatism and the orthodox Madison Grundy. To this end she has sought the company of those who could assist her, perfectly oblivious to the delicate motives that would be attributed to her by the ultra moralist, and his sinner and abetter, the narrow-minded scandal-monger. Was it her fault that such companionship could but seldom be found among those of her own sex? Is she to blame that so few of the fairer ones of the human race have seen fit to cultivate their brains as well as their complexions? And where will she go for the food her starving soul craves, when she has sought in vain for intellectual companionship among her sisters, if not to her brothers? I do not mean to say there are none among her sister women who have chosen the better part; no, thank God! There are a few bright and honorable exceptions to the general rule, who refuse to

sell their birthright for a mess of pottage; otherwise jewels, silks, and lace; but the proportion is so very small that they are but seldom thrown together, scattered, as they are, over the broad bounds of society. Now, where must genius look for sympathy, if not where it is appreciated? And if that appreciation comes from one of an opposite sex, what of it? Yes, what of it? Alas! the unfortunate sister, who has made such a grand mistake, can tell you. American society, at large, can see but one reason for the commingling of the sexes, and was he to the sensible woman who has a "nanny" for a husband? Henceforth she must literally starve in the very midst of the "Feast of reason," with the virgins, like Tantalus's cup, just upon her lips. And was it not won [it] to her who has the temerity to reach forth her hand, and partake under such circumstances. This is what she has done, whom you feel compelled to forgive! And why do you forget her? I ask you again, and this question, also, I answer.

It is because the small-souled have envied her, and you, glad of an excuse to gratify your innate love of dominance, do not care to inquire into the cause of the effect that plagues you so well.

Then forget her if you wish; you need feel no compunctions of conscience about it, for she does not need you in the least, since you cannot add to her growth, nor lead her mind into higher paths. But pray do not trouble yourself to make an apology about it. Just let her alone, and she with good reason may well thank you for the same; for she does not know that scandal grows by that which it feeds upon. Drop the matter, and it will die a natural death.

But such, alas! is not the general plan, and thousands of once sunny skies have been overclouded with thick, gloom, beginning with a fleecy speck at first, not larger than a man's hand—or a woman's tongue for that matter.

Dryden says:—

"Woman's honor is nice as ermine—will not bear a soil."

Now do you suppose any lady who is so fortunate as to possess that beautiful article, ermine, would allow her chimney-sweep to handle it, and perhaps hold it up for the inspection of his companions? Indeed not. But now is it about this other ermine which is far more valuable? Fair maidens, do you guard the latter with half the jealous care you do the former? It makes me shudder when I hear a young girl say, "I do not care what they say!" It is better to care. Far, far better, even though they are villains for saying it. For alas! the unclean hands will leave a stain. "She has been talked about," is a sad fact, even though we may add that the talk was all untrue. The sunbeam, which goes through pollution unscathed, though it may do in poetry and is a most beautiful simile, yet, like many other beautiful doctrines, the sophistry is all the more dangerous on that account. The sunbeam is celestial, and may do for celestial beings, but there is an old proverb, which though perhaps not quite so poetical, methinks is far safer for terrestrial application, viz: "Evil communications corrupt good manners." And what can possibly contain more of evil than contact with a tattler? Heaven forbid us it seems, indeed, the very scene of human degradation. Humiliation from which there is absolutely no hope; for should any way to defend the poor unfortunate, they are met by the ever ready and unanswerable argument, "Where there is so much smoke there must be some fire."

Shame! shame! "In the image of God created He them." Are you really the descendants of one made in the image of God and know no more of justice and mercy than that? "In what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." Judge not, that ye be not judged." But what is the use of quoting Scripture to such people? For, verily, methinks as Abraham once said, the rich man, they will not be persuaded though one arose from the dead to preach to them. Again I say shame!

MOUSE-IN-THE-CORNER.

☞ Boston has a premier law case, and the Judges disagree. John Platt, silver-smith, had a heavy balance at the Second National; John Platt, blacksmith, (no relation), had a heavy balance anywhere. Nevertheless, John the blacksmith drew a check for five thousand dollars, signing his own name in his own handwriting, and presenting it at the Second National, drew the silver-smith's money. That is the whole of the story. For what shall the blacksmith be punished?

☞ Miss Carolina Patti will soon return to the United States. Adeline Patti will not come to America until next year.

☞ Through tickets to go round the world are for sale in London for \$1,250.

☞ Isinglass is exported from the Dutch Hyens, an air-bladder, compounded of Hyens, to hoist, and Mar, a bladder; it being chiefly prepared from the sounds, swimmers, or bladders, of sturgeon.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—4000 lbs sold at \$5.25, \$5.50 for superfine; \$5.75, \$5.25 for extra; \$5.00, \$5.50 for Penna extra family; \$4.50, \$5.00 for South-western family; \$4.50, \$5.00 for Indiana and Ohio family, and \$7.25, \$8.50 for fancy brands. Rye Flour sold at \$5.50 per bushel.

WHEAT—10,000 bushels Delaware red sold at \$1.40, \$1.45; 4000 bushels white at \$1.35; 30,000 bushels western red at \$1.25, \$1.30; 5000 bushels Penna red at \$1.40, \$1.45; and mixed at \$1.25, \$1.30. Rye—Sales of 1000 bushels at \$1.00, \$1.05. Corn—Sales of 30,000 bushels Western and mixed at 74¢, 75¢, and 10,000 bushels Penna and Delaware yellow at 74¢, 75¢ per bushel. Sales of 7,000 bushels at 61¢, 62¢ for mixed, and 64¢, 65¢ per bushel for white.

PROVISIONS—Sales of meat Pork at \$15.50, \$16 per barrel. Western city packed extra Ham Beef at \$10.50, \$11.00. Best Ham \$10.50 per barrel. Sales of plain sugar-cured city smoked hams at 14¢, 15¢; canned Western at 14¢, 15¢; Excelsior hams at 16¢; sides at 8¢, 9¢, and shoulders at 7¢, 8¢, 9¢. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 12¢, 13¢; sides at 7¢, 8¢, 9¢; and shoulders in salt, at 6¢, 7¢, 8¢. Lard—Sales at 10¢, 11¢ per city and Western, and steam and kettle lard at 9¢, 10¢. Sales of factory at 10¢, 11¢. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 10¢, 11¢, and choice grades at 12¢, 13¢. Eggs sold at 20¢, 25¢ per dozen. COTTON—2000 bales of middling sold at \$24.50, \$25 per bale for upland and New Orleans.

BAKED—No. 1 quarter ton at \$25 per ton. Tanners' Bark ranges from \$12 to \$15 per cord for chestnut and Spanish oak.

RESIN—Yellow at \$20, \$25 per ton.

FRUIT—Dried Apples and Peaches—the former may be quoted at 24¢, 25¢, and the latter at 11¢, 12¢ per barrel.

HOPS at \$10, \$12.

HAIR—Prime Timothy Hay, \$1.00, \$1.25 per 100 lbs; mixed do, \$1.00, \$1.25; straw, \$1.50, \$1.75.

IRON—Pig Iron—Sales of 500 tons No. 1 Foundry at \$22, 500 tons No. 2 at \$20, and Grey Forge at \$18.50 per ton. Nails at \$4.75 per keg.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 3000 head. The prices realized from 7½¢, 8¢, 8½¢, 9¢, 9½¢, 10¢, 10½¢, 11¢, 11½¢, 12¢, 12½¢, 13¢, 13½¢, 14¢, 14½¢, 15¢, 15½¢, 16¢, 16½¢, 17¢, 17½¢, 18¢, 18½¢, 19¢, 19½¢, 20¢, 20½¢, 21¢, 21½¢, 22¢, 22½¢, 23¢, 23½¢, 24¢, 24½¢, 25¢, 25½¢, 26¢, 26½¢, 27¢, 27½¢, 28¢, 28½¢, 29¢, 29½¢, 30¢, 30½¢, 31¢, 31½¢, 32¢, 32½¢, 33¢, 33½¢, 34¢, 34½¢, 35¢, 35½¢, 36¢, 36½¢, 37¢, 37½¢, 38¢, 38½¢, 39¢, 39½¢, 40¢, 40½¢, 41¢, 41½¢, 42¢, 42½¢, 43¢, 43½¢, 44¢, 44½¢, 45¢, 45½¢, 46¢, 46½¢, 47¢, 47½¢, 48¢, 48½¢, 49¢, 49½¢, 50¢, 50½¢, 51¢, 51½¢, 52¢, 52½¢, 53¢, 53½¢, 54¢, 54½¢, 55¢, 55½¢, 56¢, 56½¢, 57¢, 57½¢, 58¢, 58½¢, 59¢, 59½¢, 60¢, 60½¢, 61¢, 61½¢, 62¢, 62½¢, 63¢, 63½¢, 64¢, 64½¢, 65¢, 65½¢, 66¢, 66½¢, 67¢, 67½¢, 68¢, 68½¢, 69¢, 69½¢, 70¢, 70½¢, 71¢, 71½¢, 72¢, 72½¢, 73¢, 73½¢, 74¢, 74½¢, 75¢, 75½¢, 76¢, 76½¢, 77¢, 77½¢, 78¢, 78½¢, 79¢, 79½¢, 80¢,







